

THE GUARDIAN

A Literary Monthly Published in Philadelphia

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THE GUARDIAN

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Notes on Contributors

Remy de Gourmont (1858-1915) was identified closely in his literary career with the *MERCURE DE FRANCE*. In 1890 appeared his *Sixtine*, a "novel of cerebral life." "At the time of its appearance," writes Louis Dumur, "... symbolism had been born ... but had not found its formulas ... it was Remy de Gourmont who undertook to define it" with *les Litanies de la Rose*, *Lilith*, *le Fantome*, *Fleurs de Jadis*, *Hieroglyphes*, *Theodat*. His two *Livres des Masques* were the beginning of a history of the Symbolist period which he never completed. He is probably best known as the author of *La Culture des Idees* and *Le Probleme du Style*.

John Gould Fletcher was born in Little Rock, Ark. in 1886 of pioneer Scotch-Irish stock. He was a member of the Imagist group, and is the author of "Irradiations," "Goblins and Pagodas," "Japanese Prints," "Paul Gauguin, his Life and Art," and has recently contributed the chapter on The New Poetry to "These Eventful Years." He is at present residing in London.

Adrian Richt, a young poet, musician and essayist, was recently expelled from an Eastern university for his too diligent activity in editing its literary journal.

Franklin Edgerton is assistant professor of Sanskrit in the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. Edgerton has translated extensively from the Sanskrit, and is at present engaged in re-writing for laymen his translations of Hindu fables that were published for the use of scholars in Hindu lore.

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Edwin Seaver, poet and critic, is editor of 1924, now 1925, a magazine for art and literature actively modern and experimental. Mr. Seaver has contributed to *Folio*, *The Freeman*, *The Nation*, etc. at the age

Moses Soyfer was born in Russia, and at the age of 12 came to America before the war. He is a member of the Salons of America and The Whitney Studio Club, and has contributed to *Die Zukunft*, *Folio*, *Der Amerikaner* and other publications. He is at present a teacher of drawing in the Educational Alliance Art School in New York and a proofreader on a daily newspaper.

Through some error our gratitude was not expressed last month for the courtesy of The Daniel Galleries in permitting us to reproduce Marsden Hartley's *Still Life*. We wish to thank them now.

The second of Miss Peck's cuts last month was done in linoleum, not in wood, which makes the performance all the more amazing. The title to the first cut should read, "Voila les Fauves!"

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The GUARDIAN

MARCH 1925.

VIGNETTES

BY REMY DE GOURMONT

Translated from the French by Joseph T. Shipley

AN EVENING CHAT

One was a young maid and the other a young matron, and he, visiting the house to court the damsel, but fond enough of the wife as well.

Ida had married a gentleman who was engaged in training horses for the races; he wore a red habit, blew the horn better than a stud-groom and favored the conversation of the hostlers, because it is instructive. His wife was of little use to him, save as decoration and as fragrance: sometimes he enfolded her in tender glances, flattered her like a filly, and offered her to eat from the hollow of his hand, a diamond or a string of pearls; often, too, he breathed her in, closing his eyes, after having vaporized her with new mown hay, which in his dialect he named in English. Ida was quite satisfied with all that, for she lacked nothing, no essential pleasure. The essential pleasures, for Ida, were: to rise at noon, dress in beautiful gowns, play music, and, under the lights of the evening, adorn her pure figure with more jewels than were worn by Aline, queen of Golconda. She knew that there were beings called lovers, who had for women the liking her husband had for horses, but she had never desired to attach one to her person: those great beetles,

in her opinion, were agreeable only in troops, when they revolved discreetly in a respectable salon; and when she was told that such insects often inspired wild passions in women, she laughed so heartily that her trembling diamonds rippled like a stream dashing over rocks.

Nonetheless, the beetle who courted her sister Mora was neither too stupid nor too ugly, even alone and viewed closely, and he displeased neither Mora nor Ida. Mora wanted to marry him, and Ida wished to be amiable and not discourage the pleasure of these children, the pleasure of marrying, of doing what every one does. He was called Donald, and his somewhat chanting voice was sweet, such as may be heard at twilight in the swooning ravines of the mountains. His enveloping gesture suggested surrender; not fearing him in the least, reassured by the pale blue of his eyes and the soft rose of his cheeks, the women turned to him as to a sister, and if he made his addresses like plying an oar, they were grieved at so rude a practice for such an adolescent grace.

Seated side by side at the piano, Ida and Mora were delirious with joy; encompassed by a multicolored network of harmony that held them from the rest of the world, they were shamelessly drunk, troubled but dissatisfied, seeking ecstasy and achieving only a delicious enervation, doubtless because of the discord in their desires: Mora played for the pleasure of concordant sounds, for the excess of vibration that music brought to her cerebral cells, for the intensity and the activity that the rhythm woke in the beating of her heart and the circulation of her blood; Ida played to embroider an accompaniment to her dreams and, while the music unfolded in lively arabesques before her dazzled eyes, she largely lost consciousness of her being; made light and simplified, she rose beyond herself, she soared — only to sink back at once, surprised and somewhat stifled. The illusion was still more definite when, instead of playing herself, she listened to her sister, who was a genius at rhythmic interpretations.

Donald entered. Without having seen or heard him, they divined his presence, and, charming in the spontaneity of their relinquishment, they rose, leaving a phrase incomplete, and advanced to greet him.

Donald kissed the hand of Ida and the brow of Mora.

He always brought flowers, to be sure not bouquets, but real free flowers intact upon their stems; he brought only three, chosen

among the most perfect and pure, immaculate white roses, color of falling snow, fragile and sumptuous magnolias, tinged with blood, with a single drop of blood at the very heart of their beauty, looking like sacred-hearts, or, as Mora said, like haughty white dominican nuns who have stained their virgin breast with love and purple, while drinking from the chalice of the Passion. He knew where to find single violets of so deep and delicate an azure that phantasies would rejoice to raise such eyes toward infinity, and cyclamens of so vivid and carnal a rose that their smile affected one like a kiss.

That day, he held in his hand three divine Easter-daisies, three stars of dream, three symbolic suns of gold rayed with lunar silver, resurrection flowers; Mora and Ida each put one at her corsage, and, as always, the third was placed, in a Venetian glass iridescent with hope, at the feet of the unknown, at the feet of her who was to become, at the feet of the Woman that Love was engaged in creating and modeling in the shadow.

They spoke of casual things, purposely, so as to give but gradually, with moderation and modesty, their naked soul to the amorous curiosity of the restless attentive soul. So Ida asked if emeralds were becoming to her complexion, if they could be mingled with diamonds and pearls, if their green, somewhat grassy, would not frighten by its throneness the white of her shoulders: they decided that a very transparent, blue-veined skin would not look well with emeralds, but that the jewels would go with slightly golden skins.

"I am content that you allow that, Donald; now I can put on my collar of emeralds, because I am gilded like an idol," and Ida, raising her sleeve, mirrored on her dark skin the jewels, the latest gift of her husband. Then, Mora asked about the harmony imposed by a violet dress: it clearly demanded sulphur lining and folds, and, for jewels, perhaps opals, perhaps tinted pearls. Mora compared that harmony to "this one, listen!" — and she found on the piano a chord clearly sulphur and violet, a rather lively sulphur and a rather sombre violet. "You need a harp," she said; but she kept on and soon there came a strange improvisation in broken rhythm thru which passed, bursting forth or dying, abased or exalted, all the nuances of violet, and, embroidered in arabesque, all the nuances of yellow.

She played for a long time, perhaps an hour, without heeding the approaching dusk, nor the divine turmoil that spread, from

her fingertips, thruout the air.

Ida and Donald were seated on the couch. At first, listening with but one ear to the fantasy of Mora, they had continued their talk, but the words died away. In quiet they thought, and they trembled like the air itself, full of heady sonorousness and vibrant surgings. A very narrow space separated them; a start closed it, Donald, excited, being inclined to the right, Ida oppressed, being inclined to the left. At first their shoulders, then their knees, touched, then their hands found one another and a double current of sensual fluids penetrated them, softened them, and alternately activated their unconscious life. The flowers, the emeralds, the shoulders, the exposed bare arm, the sulphur and violet corsage imprisoning in dream the fine figure of Mora, all that and the trend of the music, and the falling night, had directed toward the sensual land the journeying of their dreams — so well that, without knowing it, thinking themselves still in the world of desire, plunged in the uncertainties of dream, never suspecting the veracity of their actions, they kissed one another gently on the mouth. The prelude was imperative: Ida fell back, eyes closed, as tho couched on a bed of clouds, and with a wholly nuptial grace received Donald into her arms.

When they came to themselves, they had no cause to blush; they did not know, and they will never know, what they had done: memory remained merely of exquisite minutes, of a voyage thru the heavens, of a pleasure at once sharp and sweet, infinitely pure and infinitely superhuman.

However, when Ida instinctively readjusted her attire, she noticed that the daisy was hanging from her corsage, all crushed, with its golden head rayed with silver: then, she went to take that which had been placed at the feet of Unknown, and she pinned it on her bosom, on the bosom of the Woman who had become, of the Woman whom Love had just created and modeled in the shadow.

At this moment, Mora, who was still playing, felt a terrible shuddering thru her marrow.

T H E F A U N

She had gone to her room early, after dinner, thinking she was suffering, but really only sad, bored with the too innocent laughter of the children, with the hallowed joviality of the parents moved

by a bit of festivity, and with the pitiful fuss ordained by the calendars.

Especially she was grieved and almost indignant at the hypocritical tenderness that shone in the spiritless eyes of her husband, while the company was there; she would have preferred, like other women, to be beaten in public, to be loved in private.

Thanking her maid, she bolted the door, and then, feeling quite alone, she was freer and less unhappy.

Undressing slowly, with posings, glances into her psyche-glass, feigned languors, as tho falling adroitly into beloved arms; saying sweet things; offering a subtle compliment to her shoulder, even to her knee; avowing she has a beautiful soul and a beautiful skin—she amused herself at all this, without any thought of evil, with the security of a woman who fears no imaginary surprises.

Her simple wantonness was restrained by delicacy. She knew the low water mark for a turned up dress, the low water mark for dry weather, and the low water mark for rainy weather, and gladly, like Arlette, whom Robert le Diable honored with his intimacy, she would have rent her chemise rather than lift it. So she came to feel slightly ashamed, and, buried in a fur, kneeled chastely before the fire.

She stirred the fire, she arranged incandescent architecture, she roasted her body, she grew bored.

"Wouldn't she have done better to respond to the hypocritical tenderness of her husband? With a little enticement, she'd have mastered him, and the evening would have passed in calmer exercises, — whereas now, disturbed, nervous, annoyed, she could weary herself to tears, to those lonely sobs that nothing relieves, that wring the heart and toss it like a wreck!"

Truly a sad and stupid Christmas night! Is it true there are dates, magic days, when it is a crime to be alone, when human contact is necessary at pain of suffering and remorse? Some such idea was limned for a moment in her feeble and changeable mind, but at once, of all that complicated design one word remained visible to her eyes and pressed on her imagination: — Christmas!

She was a little girl again, off to white mass — in bed, sleeping to dream of the indulgences of the infant Jesus . . .

No, that's banal! Everyone has these glimpses of days gone by, these annual softenings! Undistinguished souls, that can evoke no other dreams than those which prowl everywhere, at the mercy

of the commonest desires, — docile and lamentable dreams!

Rebelling against the purity of these white memories, she darkened into a sensual contemplation. The warmth of the hearth with the logs still flaming flattered her deplorably: she delighted in it—she fancied that singular kisses would come down the chimney in the form of little wingless angels, more agile and more burning than the fire goblins, that played, pleasant sprites, amid the ashes.

She dreamed of a sumptuous seduction, of an unexpected stupration of which she would be the complacent victim, at the corner of the hearth, on that fine fur; yes, with the complicity of that good beast, of that amiable and devoted goat...

The scattered incubus in the mellow room reassembled its atoms and materialized.... A shadow, like a faun in the flower of youth, darkened the glass of the mantle, and a sigh fluttered her hair and warmed her neck. What she had felt was mournfully sweet, what she had seen was disturbing, strange, curiously absurd: a harsh, blonde head, with devouring eyes, a large, almost obscene mouth, a pointed beard.... She shivered: he must be great and handsome, that being who was come to love her! How she would tremble in his arms! But she trembled already, already possessed, already the prey of the amorous monster that awaited her and lusted for her.

The fur slipped from her shoulders and at once a violent kiss branded her naked skin, — yes, a kiss so violent and so ardent that without any doubt the mark would remain as tho from a red hot iron. She tried (instinctive gesture of a woman being disrobed) to pull her cloak up again and cover herself with a final modesty, but the being opposed her and with its two hands, gripped her two arms. That violence did not displease the victim: she awaited it as an homage; her back and her shoulders were fashioned to be seen; and was not obligingly accepting kisses at once their duty and their delight?

However, the attack plunged on, and the panting incubus puffed almost like a bellows, which made her feel like laughing. "How he impedes himself!" she thought. "He's very clumsy. I'm going to look at him, out of the corner of my eye."

As she turned her head, the mask of the beast came near, and the large, almost obscene mouth overwhelmed her lips.

She had closed her eyes, but too late; she had seen the monster face to face, and no longer in the complacent reflections of a

glass that matched her dream; she had seen him, no longer as fashioned by desire, but deformed in strictest reality; he was so ugly, with his cruel goat-face, so ugly and so bestial and drunk with a desire so fixed and so base, — that she was shocked into a swift withdrawal.

.... And she beheld herself in the great psyche-glass, nude at the end of her room, all nude and all alone in the dismal room.

ORPHEUS

JOHN W. CRAWFORD

(For W. H. S. and S. R.)

Green to touch
Gently with my fingers,
Green rising
Throwing itself upon me,
Shattering into drops,
Green swelling and falling,
Giant breath pulsing through me,
Leaving nothing of me
But the quiver of flanks,
Strain of arms seeking to fold
More and more of the sea to me.
Cool impersonal hands
Fling me back to the small music of blood-beats.

THE SKYSCRAPER PRIMITIVES

BY GORHAM B. MUNSON

I have the temerity to write about a literary school which has had an origin, yet never achieved an existence. But rays of energy from its source are much in the air today: they have inspired certain pimplly manifestations by two or three of our youngest writers in the now defunct *Broom*: they stimulate the critic to make theatrical programs for an unborn school of poets and fictionists.

When the *Soil* magazine died in July, 1917, probably very few people thought of it as a force which would persist for years after its formal decease. Painters had been interested because of the reproductions. It showed them Cezanne, Van Gogh, Picasso, Henri Rousseau, Poussin, Seurat, African sculpture and other examples generally shunned by the official art world of America. They were startled, too, by the photographs of locomotives, cranes, and steam hammers. Perhaps there *was* something in the forms of machinery for the esthetic eye, they argued. To the writers the *Soil* meant less. Either they missed it altogether or saw it as merely another organ of the wide-spread ferment of the day. It attained a circulation of five thousand copies, vanished, and for several years was seemingly forgotten.

But in 1922 it rose from the grave. References to it, partial and undigested phases of its program, began to appear in *Broom*. Robert Alden Sanborn contributed a tribute to the founder of the *Soil*, Robert J. Coady, and interest in Coady's undertaking has accumulated since. The resurrection seems to testify to a vitality that makes it important to re-visualize the *Soil*.

Sanborn, who was a principal contributor, declares that "The *Soil* was Coady," that he, Enrique Cross (the literary editor of the paper), and other contributors, "caught on, or were caught in its powerful stream by converting our taste into an extension of Coady's." We try then to grasp what manner of personality Coady was, but it is unfortunately difficult to learn much. He conducted an independent art gallery, he spent himself on the *Soil*, he died in January, 1921. His temperament was belligerent. He has been

described to me as a man whose brow suggested intelligence and whose mouth suggested the racetrack tout. I do not know whether his friends would approve of that characterization, but accurate or not it has a symbolic value.

For Coady was saturated in certain phases of American life which some might call tout-ish. Says Mr. Sanborn: "Bob Coady knew intimately the amusement side of his New York; he read the cartoons and sporting pages of the yellow sheets; he prowled about lower Third Avenue, preferring the serials and slapstick comedies of the smelly little East Side movie theatres to the pretentious musical and feature programs of the amusement places of Broadway; he was a devotee of the old Chinese theatre on Doyer Street, and spoke with bitter regret of its passing; he delighted in the live Seurats and Lautrecs which he found in the smoky galleries of the burlesque houses on 14th street; he rediscovered the *Comedie Humaine* amongst the employees and patrons of McCann's restaurant on Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn; he sought the glory that was Greece on the Polo grounds, and in Madison Square on fight nights; and in the playful colorings of his classes of negro children he found the crude beginnings of a more representative art than was ever hung in the National Academy." He had, then, an appetite for city life where that life was naive, forceful, broad and sportive.

His survey of it was intelligent. He was looking for an indigenous life, for an indigenous art, for the possibilities of an indigenous art. America is a nation that yearns toward the big city, toward New York. Americans live on from generation to generation on the countryside, but there is no psychological fixation in the soil. There is no really deep settling down, no enmeshing of birth-places in the various expressions of agrarian culture. The American farmer makes very few legends or folk-songs, he devises no architecture at once solid and harmonious with his land, he does not arrange his farm with the beautiful economy of the French peasant. His wife is equally uncreative when it comes to cooking, dress, or lace-work. Their speech is generally more corrupt than racy. They have no isolation from the metropolis. Railroads, automobiles, newspapers, the radio, manufactured goods flood them with metropolitan aspirations, standards and culture. Materials are lavish. Culture does not arise from a sprawl. New York is different. Here the American reaches the apex. There is no other place to go. He settles. New York is confined. New York is

volcanic energy conditioned (a) by a desire to fix its roots, and (b) by a paucity of materials. Thanks to a stricture, New York gave birth to the skyscraper. Coady chose New York as his point of departure.

Van Wyck Brooks said that highbrow and lowbrow divided American life between them, and left no common middle ground of usable experience. Coady apparently did not believe in that thesis. The central rhythm in American life comes from business and industry. This rhythm touches all of us, we are all obliged to make some sort of adjustment to it, to incorporate it in our experience. The excessive pounding of this rhythm is America's peculiarity among the nations. The goal of the rhythm is not a creative or experiential one; it is naked acquisition. But the acquisitive impulse does not function in purity. Other imperious desires crowd into its workings and strike off from it at tangents. It is leavened by humor, it demands entertaining or violent reliefs, it affords space for the esthetic sense to express daring or aspiration or strength, it taxes invention and energy, it enforces economy and coordination. It deprives us of normal physical exercise, and provides sport as a balance. There are accidents. Coady was alert in perceiving the creative by-products of an essentially acquisitive drive, and he knew that the qualities of life contained in these by-products constituted the first plane of usable experience common to all Americans.

"There is an American Art," he asserted. "Young, robust, energetic, naive, immature, daring and big spirited. Active in every conceivable field." And as examples of it he named a great many things: the Skyscraper, Colonial Architecture, the Steel Plants, the Bridges, Indian Beadwork, Sculpture, Decorations, Music and Dances, Bert Williams, Rag-time, the Buck and Wing and the Clog, Syncopation and the Cake-walk, Football, Coney Island, *The Police Gazette*, the Sporting Pages, Krazy Kat, Nick Carter, Walt Whitman, Poe, William Dean Howells, Artemus Ward, Gertrude Stein, the Pennsylvania Station, Railroad Signals, Boxers, Dialects and Slang, etc. It is true he named Cigar Store Indians, Prospect Park and the Zoo. His appetite was ravenous. "This is American Art. . . It has grown out of the soil and through the race and will continue to grow. It will grow and mature and add a new unit to art. . . Our art is, as yet, outside of our art world. It's in the spirit of the Panama Canal. It's in the East

River and the Battery. It's in Pittsburgh and Duluth. It's coming from the ball field, the stadium and the ring. Already we've made our beginnings, scattered here and there, but beginnings with enormous possibilities. Where they will lead, who knows? To-day is the day of moving pictures, it is also the day of moving sculpture."

Coady did not use terms exactly. We have to feel for his vigorous intent. But he always kept his reservations on deck. He knew he was dealing in potentials rather than in achievements. "The point about advertisements was, and is," wrote Enrique Cross in a letter of rebuke to *Broom*, "that they are 'an accident on the way to happen maybe', about the steam hammer that it is a word on the way to speech certainly, and about the *Soil* in general the point was, as its name implied, that it must shoot its seed, not at the honest skulls of the public ubiquitously, though that was good, but at the nurseries where public skulls gather — this for terrain in lieu of circulation."

It was critical balance that led Coady to reprint a passage from *The Book of Job* or from Thomas Love Peacock. It was as though he were saying: "These are finished products. They resemble the raw products I advocate since they express a full blooded life. They embody the laws of excellence which our raw products must obey, if they too shall become in their own ways finished."

But Coady not only had a critical balance, he had also critical insight. He, or his contributors, almost always showed a sense of the inherent properties of the various media they discussed. Thus Coady denied that the motion picture was properly either photography or drama. "A motion picture is a medium of visual motion." Some years later Slater Brown refined this by stressing the deformation of motion as the inherent and special gift of the movies. This gives us a lead for criticizing Chaplin. For Chaplin, notably in his shuffle, has deformed natural motion, has shown his intuitive sense of the nature of his medium. Chaplin's content is accounted for by a paper he wrote for the first number of the *Soil*. He pointed out that the successful comedian must be first of all a psychologist. He must know how to make the Chinaman and the Brazilian and the Armenian laugh at the same thing, he must learn the secret of universal laughter. He sought to give a spontaneous and vital release to the suppressed rebellion in every soul, and found that by upsetting symbols of authority such as policemen or by pulling the whiskers of pompous capitalists, he succeeded. The

Soil never gave a complete solution to the problems it raised, but almost invariably, as in the case of Chaplin, it starts us on the right path.

The dime novel was seriously treated, and *The Pursuit of the Lucky Claw* by the author of Nicholas Carter was a feature serial of the *Soil*. The character of the dime novel as a genuine "American reflect, chaste as Sunday School, good where it was naïf and better always than the Winston Churchills," was recognized. Mr. Rothstein of Street and Smith was thus quoted: "They are typically American. The characters grow out of our local environment, the actions result from local laws, ordinances and customs. The situations could not happen anywhere else. The plots are no better or worse than the so-called serious stories, they have less technic and more life. The characters are set in motion from the start and they tell the story by their actions. The result is that the reader is in direct contact with them and not held away by 'clever composition'." The Editor's Note reiterated that "they draw sustenance wholly from this soil, hence their influence is formative." But the dime novel was not praised at the expense of notable existent literature. It was admitted that at times it strained our credulity, that it revealed a half-demoded, half puritanic and uncouth piety toward women, and that its impersonal direct and swift style fell into too many short sentences.

Another instance of the feel for inherent properties is supplied by the article on the Woolworth Building. Mr. George Simpson said: "I like to see a building that shows its construction. There are some steel-constructed buildings that look like wall-constructed and often they are built so intentionally, but it is stupid to make them so, because then they are neither one thing nor the other... The skyscraper is positively an outgrowth of American conditions... (It abolishes the Gothic arch)... Windows were a boon, ornamentally, and could be used to secure lightness, airiness of aspect as at least one step toward the characterization of a new style... the Woolworth Tower looms up, at right angles to antiquity."

The *Soil* was Robert J. Coady, and Coady was vigorous, independent, open to new materials and new forms, intensely nationalistic. His reservations and insights were not subtle, but sufficient to save him from the grosser mistakes that apostles of the new often commit. He never declared that the past was a bucket of ashes.

He was not profound or comprehensive, though within the range of his enthusiasm he was very inclusive. More and more he looms as a provocation for new cultural actions that Americans must undertake.

He lived in a skyscraper wilderness and he accepted that wilderness as a malleable environment. He groped about it to familiarize himself with its exuberant flora and fauna, he seized upon this particular and that, he did not reach a system. He was a Skyscraper Primitive.

The *Soil* suspended. Its literary editor went to Mexico, its chief editor died, its chief contributor continued writing. Recently, the *Soil* was recalled to memory and a few hasty imitators shouted over it. Meanwhile, the poetry of Carl Sandburg, William Carlos Williams and E. E. Cummings began to manifest features Coady would have liked. Gilbert Seldes writes papers on the lively arts which Coady would also have esteemed. A literary school, the Skyscraper Primitives, does not yet exist, but it is talked about as though it would materialize from the atmosphere. Perhaps within the next decade we shall be able to touch it. Marinetti carries on propaganda in Italy for "THE GLORY OF GEOMETRY AND MECHANISM," the French have had dadaism which had a romantic quality foreign to Coady, America is jogged by these influences.

The critic who seeks to orientate himself in this decade does well to search out a file of the *Soil*. An amazing magazine! He will find printed therein poetry by Maxwell Bodenheim and Wallace Stevens, *Oscar Wilde Is Alive* by Arthur Cravan, the *Tarahumare Indians* by Carl Lumholtz, *Mrs. Th-y* by Gertrude Stein, *Fight Nights* by Robert Alden Sanborn, an interview with Annette Kellerman; he will find reproduced photographs of the Chambersburg Steam Hammer, the Stampede, the Sellers Ten Ton Swinging Jib Crane, and Jack Johnson. The *Soil* was more aggressively American than *The Seven Arts*. It roared New York, roared America. It is a source, and the observer who discovers it will not only follow but perhaps participate in its growth to a tradition.

* * *

Recently additional material on Coady has come into my hands which considerably enlarges my view of the *breadth* and *depth* of the man. I knew that he was a pioneer. What is clear now is that

Coady, had he lived longer, would have become a leader for Young America. Like Guillaume Apollinaire in France, Coady in America was the first spokesman of certain new impulses and his death, like Apollinaire's death, deprived the oncoming movement of a directive mind. Shapelessness, wandering energies, centrifugal dissipation have been the result of this serious loss.

Shortly before Coady's death at the unripe age of thirty-nine a large dinner was given in his honor. For this dinner he printed a thirty-two page pamphlet which now lies in front of me. His project was to form the American Tradition League which was to carry out its aims by political, economic and professional action and to issue a monthly magazine devoted to the development of American culture. The pamphlet contained the propositions of the proposed League and since this pamphlet is very rarely to be found, I shall quote a good portion of it. It begins with a call for members.

Actors, Amusement Experts, Architects, Cartoonists,
Composers, Critics, Dancers, Dieticians, Directors,
Doctors, Editors, Hygienists, Illustrators, Musicians,
Painters, Philosophers, Photographers, Physical
Culturists, Poets, Scientists, Sculptors, Writers and
Laymen:

We, a group of American artists, realizing that the various insidious propagandas and political and economic intrigues of our day, by influencing the patronage and establishing control of our output, are gradually diverting our professions into fields of corruption, destruction and greed, and that the development of American culture, the very purpose of our lives, is thereby being defeated; realizing also that the "remedies" offered us by our politicians and economists, being too limited, even in their own limited fields, to suit even animal or insect life, are worse than hopeless in the broad field of culture; and, realizing further and feeling keenly that we must share in the responsibility for the present deplorable state of our national culture, we are determined, conscious of our power, to vindicate our professions and put our efforts into a constructive program for the development of a real American tradition.

Coady saw that we must consciously and seriously undertake to establish American traditions. A tradition is a compound of

three elements: a fact in the nature of an accomplishment, the memory of that fact, and the development of the potentialities of the original fact. Americans occasionally create facts large enough to generate traditions, but we are seemingly short on memory, and hence the creative facts are buried. Years later we rediscover them in a sort of limbo (the works of Melville constitute a gigantic case in point) and after a brief flurry of attention drop them out of mind once more. Hence there can be no development of the starting-points and we grope about in a chaos of fragments. Coady was profoundly right in his perception of the need of an organized effort to eliminate the breakdown in our mechanics of tradition.

The call for members was followed by fifteen general propositions.

That the world is not ugly.

That life is a great privilege.

That man has developed through instinct and intelligence into various degrees of culture.

That culture is the quality of human happiness.

That human happiness is that state of being in which man's faculties find their fullest expression.

That culture should dictate all political and economic activities and establish national and international worth.

That it is the duty of nations to develop their culture and contribute to the health, wealth and beauty of the world.

That the United States favored by Providence with a vast geographical field for unity, freedom and expansion, a geological abundance, a climate of widest variety, a sociology and physiology of unlimited combinations and a psychology as broad as humanity, has the foundation for a great and distinct race and a culture of enormous possibilities.

That the world is today in need of our culture.

That the European tragedy has practically made us the pivot of human progress.

That our responsibilities are tremendous.

That we are undergoing the acid test.

That our immediate actions will declare us a great nation or a great abortion.

That our case is imperative.

That all our ills are due to the lack of sufficient culture and the

preponderance of racial, group, class and individual greed.

To believe that life can once more be significant is in these days a sign of courageous distinction.

Happiness is the unquestioned value and Coady's definitions of culture and happiness are fundamental.

Equally fundamental is his claim for priority of culture over political and economic programs.

The center of cultural initiative has passed to America. "Europe is done for!" So many people are saying that without being really qualified to assert it that I limit myself merely to indicating certain economic facts. Eighty per cent of the world's gold has been drawn to American shores. Europe is in our debt and cannot pay us in gold since the gold is already in our hands. She can pay us in goods, but we already produce more goods than we need for ourselves. England, for example, now has a *permanent* army of one million and a quarter unemployed. One may safely forecast enormous riots and upheavals. All this clearly means that the energies of Europe will be drawn more and more into a fierce struggle for material existence and European art will reflect the emotionalism (necessarily streaming from the lower emotions) of this struggle.

The prosperity of America entails the assuming of cultural responsibilities.

That greed has prevented the development of our culture.

That greed, in its various degrees, and in its collective and individual forms, has dominated our political, economic, social and industrial administrations and controlled our actions;

— has dominated our schools, colleges, universities, museums, libraries, press, literature, art, stage and movies and controlled our minds;

— has so buried our national tradition and destroyed our national policy that there is little or no understanding of what an American is;

— has moulded public opinion with empty phrases and reduced our national spirit to mere braggadocia;

— has repudiated the principle that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed and turned Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln into respectable fools;

— has put all the land of our nation into the hands of less than five per cent of our population;

— has made money-getting our chief occupation, lowered the standard of happiness and made the vast majority of our people "satisfied to make a living";

Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.

Coady put the blame where it belongs — in human psychology. We are familiar with the theories of evolution and progress which picture mankind as an ascending species. We have also been told that man is a constant, revealing this aspect or that aspect more conspicuously in some epochs than in others. This, if true, makes man a static species. More imposing in its evidence, though less often presented, is the theory of man as a descending species. According to this theory, men were once like gods or were at least supermen. As time elapsed, various higher centers in human consciousness fell asleep and the species today actualizes only a part or its potentialities and tomorrow will actualize still less. For the forces of nature acting on man tend to still further depress him and to bring out more and more brutal qualities. Be that as it may, we have witnessed in the past few centuries an unparalleled unloosing of human greed. We have created the circumstances that foster and accentuate greed and we must understand that these circumstances are merely the functions of our psychology. That is, we must blame ourselves and not the circumstances.

"It is time the reign of greed should end," declared Coady, but "neither the Democratic nor the Republican party will end the reign of greed."

They are one and the same greedy group with headquarters in Wall Street, the American branch of the Bank of England, and are organized to perpetuate greed with a so-called league of nations.

Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.

Under the reign of greed yellow and black dominance is not comfortably remote.

Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.

But Coady was not a shallow reactor. Because the Republican and Democratic parties subserve greed and have no cultural aims, he did not bolt directly into the camps of those who conduct a

political agitation against the *institutions* of greed. On the contrary!

That the aims of our radical politicians and economists differ from those of the older parties only by the fact that their numbers compel the principle of wider distribution of animal necessities. A condition which shows the pitiable state of our national culture.

— the philosophical differences between our radical groups are not cultural and exist to that extent in which present conditions check their relative and retaliative greed.

— the policies of our radicals, treating symptoms instead of causes, will not accomplish even their limited aims, but will lead to the same ultimate results as those of the older parties.

Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.

To Coady's mind the radical concept of a "new Internationalism" was also false. I quote enough of that section to show once more his firm belief in nationalism.

— Internationalism is the interplay of national cultures.

— it is not nations, or their geography, geology, climate, societies or individuals, but their cultures which constructively interplay.

— an Internationalist is a nationalist whose product, in any field, has reached the quality of world beneficence.

— Internationalism is not a brotherhood of malcontents, but of masters.

— Internationalism is not destructive of nationalism, but depended on nationalism.

— modern man is the product of national environment.

— international communication is a part of national environment.

— all culture is national in the making.

— Internationalism does not depend on the "Brotherhood of Man."

— Internationalism cannot be agitated into sudden completion but must grow and can grow only as national cultures grow.

Nor did Coady feel that Soviet Russia had solved the problem of good legislation.

— the Soviet form of group representation means a multiplica-

tion rather than a decrease of the evils resulting from our present form of lawyer legislation.

— the Sovietist's claim that there are too many lawyers in our legislature is true, but it does not follow that the industrial worker would make the most capable legislator.

— both lawyer and industrial worker are too limited to furnish all our legislative needs.

— Doctors, Hygienists, Dieticians, Physical Culturists, Amusement Experts, Artists, Scientists and Philosophers should make up the majorities of our legislatures.

— the political campaign, with its "spellbinding" and corrupt practices, should cease, and in its stead all platforms, all candidates' interpretations of their platforms and their answers to opposing candidates should be published side by side either in the newspapers or an annual official book.

— the Soviet form substitutes representation for legislation.

— the object of legislatures is not group representation, but good legislation.

— the best legislation is least legislation.

— least legislation means direct legislation, which is the enactment of laws which fit their own, and avoid cross or hidden purposes.

— good legislation is general legislation and the more general the legislation the more individual freedom.

— good legislation is limited to liberating individual freedom and limiting greed.

In fact, Coady felt that all "our radical theories are intellectual efforts at progressive invention rather than social orders fitted to modern men and their needs."

— the radical theories are opposed to national traditions.

— there is no real promise of a Bible, or of architecture, sculpture, painting, music, poetry or literature in our radical theories.

— it is not about food, clothes and shelter that modern man is concerned, but rather the kind of food, clothes and shelter his culture demands.

Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.

He turned his fire on Puritanism and disclaimed Anglo-Saxon gentility as a cultural purpose.

That our national errors began with the Puritan interpretation of democracy.

— the Puritan interpretation of democracy is collective, and minimizes the democratic principle of individual rights.

— the Puritan interpretation of democracy is imperialistic, and violates the democratic fundamental of tolerance.

— the Puritan interpretation of democracy is utilitarian and material, and has interfered with the development of our culture.

— the Puritan interpretation of democracy has developed an intense imperialistic intolerance which has manifested itself in witch-burning, lynching, tar and feather parties, law and order mobs, gag laws, frame-ups, etc.

— tolerance is the basis of civilization.

— tolerance is the basis of democracy.

— tolerance comes from that degree of culture which shows that beauty of life depends on life's differences.

* * *

That our national purpose is not an Anglo-Saxon "gentility," which excludes the cultural offerings of over eighty per cent of our number and shows a greater race suicide than any of our racial elements.

— our national purpose is a new and distinct race and a new and distinct culture, made up of, and produced by one hundred per cent of Americans.

— our early break with England was not only caused by a political squabble which might be patched up, but by a geographical, geological, climatic, sociological, physiological, psychological and cultural difference which grows greater day by day.

— our land has attracted men of all bloods and traditions, who, under our promise of democracy, are entitled to play their relative part and contribute their best to our nation.

— we are an immigrant nation.

— none of our active elements originated here and none have a prior claim on the ground of originality.

— all claims rest on the qualification to carry out our national purpose.

— Immigration is necessary to our maturity and to our present existence.

Now follow arguments showing the desirability of Americans

learning foreign languages and combatting the assertions of the race purists. And now Coady is declaring his proud faith in America.

That Providence has favored us with all the requirements for the highest type of civilization.

— the highest type of civilization is that in which the widest human differences are united for a central purpose.

— nowhere in the world is there a greater possibility for so wide a range of idea and emotion, invention and creation and vibration and movement in the social order as here.

— we have already in our youth, and in spite of our reign of greed, added to the world's possession, excelled in the fields of hygiene, electricity, athletics and engineering, made many beginnings, of both high and varying worth, in poetry, literature, journalism, dancing, music, movies, painting and sculpture and developed national characteristics.

— as culture is the quality of human happiness, as human happiness is the full expression of man's faculties, as the full expression of man's faculties depends on individual freedom, and, as greed, which is abnormal material desire, interferes with individual freedom and the full expression of man's faculties, restricts human happiness and prevents the development of culture, our problem calls for the liberation of individual freedom and the limitation of greed.

— our remedy can be applied through governmental function.

— a revolution is not necessary.

The remedial program for the League is, however, a bit disappointing. It contains the usual planks of progressivism calling for the repeal of the Espionage laws, amnesty to political prisoners, the election of judges, the dissemination of sex hygiene, the modification of prohibition, etc. The specifically Coady planks are the following:

— a plan should be formulated for the extension of public fun.

— free music, dancing, vaudeville and movies should be in all parks and public schools.

— Saturday should be a full legal holiday and that we should have holidays in honor of our masters in art, science and industry and thereby provide for our vital need of more leisure and op-

portunity for self-development.

— our national anthem be changed from "The Star Spangled Banner" to "Dixie."

— all cities of the first class should erect and maintain a building accomodating free exhibitions of American painting, sculpture, architecture, acting, dancing and athletics, concerts and readings and lectures and debates, etc., on all forms and angles of philosophy, science and art.

The subject of greed returns to infuriate Coady and he closes this peculiar and remarkable manifesto with another denunciation of it into which is incorporated the proposal that one million dollars should be the limit of individual ownership.

It is high time that we set to work to carry out the provisions of Coady's Last Testament.

THE FORTUNE TELLER

BY PAUL ELDRIDGE

At the age of forty, George Finney, ex-sailor, ex-coachman, ex-vaudevillist published the following advertisement: "Professor Rabindranath Sciarat has just returned from a long sojourn in the Orient, where he mastered the mysteries of the Visible and Invisible Universes. Guided by the Secret Symbols of Things, he will interpret your inner life, and instruct you in your earthly career."

The Professor invested his entire fortune in furnishing a little studio with the essentials of what he hoped would be his final occupation, — charts of the heavens, diagrams of palms, busts of Buddahs, crystals, cards, drawings of spirits. He dressed in a blue toga and a white turban, darkened and thickened his eye-brows, shaved his mustache, and practised tightening his lips into an enigmatic smile.

He was on the point of going to a fortune-teller's to have his success or failure told in advance. This impulse made him laugh, and gave him confidence.

Having studied but superficially his art, Professor Rabindranath Sciarat was very daring in his interpretations. Great fortunes, long trips, marriages, discoveries of long lost relatives, he promised with the prodigality of a new and not yet disillusioned divinity. He even ventured prophecies of a universal character, — floods, wars, deaths of monarchs, murder of Christians in the Far East.

In less than five years, Professor Sciarat became so successful that he moved to much larger quarters, hired an assistant and a secretary, and met his clients "by appointment only," sometimes made weeks in advance. His new studio had little of America in it. It was as though a bit of India had been scooped out, and carried carefully for thousands of miles, to become at last a gorgeous little island, surrounded by barbaric houses and streets. He himself had acquired a languid walk, a quizzical smile, a slow mystical glance. He spoke in suggestive, half-expressed sentences, and introduced now and then a queer sound, which people mistook for Sanskrit.

"Within a year — *kalan-dan* — your husband who is now upon a peak — will return — *lim-brim*."

"A great fortune awaits you — if money be invested — in a business — your dream — will disclose — *pam-bom* — but —"

"A long trip — and what you have lost — will return — *rim-lam* —"

Professor Rabindranath Sciarat specialized in the reading of the crystal. "Within the crystal, sir," he explained to a reporter, "Time — *lam-bi-ku-da* — the Architect, draws his plans. With his long black pencil he draws and draws — thin fragile lines — *dum-bi-mi-kim* — the Fate of Man."

The next day, the newspaper article gave a long account of the interview, spoke very respectfully of the erudite Professor, who knew Sanskrit better than English, and moralized upon his beautiful image of Time, the Architect, drawing the Fate of Man within the dazzling Crystal.

A book on the hidden and profound meanings of precious stones, published by a large jewelry concern, praised Professor Rabindranath Sciarat, master of the Crystal, mother of all.

A famous astronomer, turned astrologer, lecturing upon the Heavens, the great Baedeker, divinely published for the benefit of Man, lauded the learned Professor and his Crystal, the solidified reflection of the Moon...

Meanwhile, Professor Rabindranath Sciarat watched the shadows trembling, and captured their flitting but profound meanings. He rolled with something of an Italian accent sounds that he was certain must be pregnant with divine significance. At each New Year's he uttered great prophecies, dealing with human calamities and cosmic cataclysms. He was rapidly forgetting that his name had originally been George Finney, that he had been a sailor, a coachman, a vaudevillist, a store-keeper, and some other incidental trifles. But, did it really matter? Jesus was a carpenter, Mohamet a camel-driver, — why could not the Spirit of the Invisible Universe descend into George Finney? Why could not one have a second birth? In the realm of Occultism, the only true Science, miracles were commonplaces.

One thing would have given him absolute confidence, would have dispelled the last vestige of lingering doubt. As yet, however, he had not dared to try it — pronouncing the death-sentence upon a client. The risk was too great. The words were too final.

They could not be re-interpreted.

He fasted for thirty-six hours, that his brain might be cleared of all impurities, riveted his eyes upon the Crystal, until it whirled and glittered like a full moon. In vain. He could not be certain what shadow, what movement, predicted the supreme catastrophe. And after all, if one could not tell that, the rest might be mere coincidence, mere cleverness. Professor Rabindranath Sciarat was not totally happy.

"Alas, the final secret!" he exclaimed to a physicist, firm believer in the symbolism of metals and stones.

"It is there, Professor, in the Crystal, and you are the man to discover it."

"*Ram-di-ta* — who knows?"

"God writes in precious stones, that his truth may be eternal."

"Of that I am certain — *ram-po*."

"Patience, Professor, patience."

One afternoon a young man and his fiancée were listening to the Professor, reading slowly their future, as it unrolled about the Great Eye, within which Time, the Architect, draws his plan. Suddenly, a thin black line, like the shadow of a hair, whipped the Crystal, and disappeared. The Professor looked about carefully, but could not discover the object that had thrown it. He waited, perfectly still, but the shadow never re-appeared. A shadow, thin and sharp, whipping the reflection of those who wish to learn their fate, what could it predict, save a swift, sudden death? Had he at last discovered the "final secret"? He must dare! And if true — ah, if true — *kum-prim-rim!*

"Do you wish the truth told?" he asked.

"Certainly, Professor," both answered, the girl becoming pale, suspecting something evil, the young man smiling, incredulous.

Professor Sciarat remained silent for a few moments, still weighing the risk. Then, slowly, gravely, like some old pompous judge, "Both of you — will die — suddenly — within six months — *duk-la-mira*."

The girl shivered. The young man continued to smile, or rather the smile that he had had about his lips froze and stiffened.

"However, do not be too upset. At times, the Crystal exaggerates. Perhaps it's only a very long trip — to Australia — *ta-da-ram*,"

hoping thus to find a loop-hole in case his prediction should prove false.

The Professor read each morning the accidents that had taken place the previous day. He watched carefully the obituary notices. But week after week passed, and nothing happened.

One evening, however, he read the large headlines of his newspaper: "Couple Drowned" and underneath "The Prophecy of Professor Sciarat Comes True!" Then followed a detailed description of the upsetting of a row-boat, the vain search of the bodies, the previous visit to the studio, the reading of the Crystal, the marvellous occult powers of the Professor.

"At last! At last!" he shouted, "I have discovered the Eternal Secret — *lam-mi-lam!*" He uttered a great number of sounds which he was convinced must be Sanskrit or some other ancient divine language he had learned in a dream. He walked about the studio, muttering: "I am the man of destiny—I am the well within which Fate mirrors herself — I am the supreme and final manifestation—the re-incarnation of the Ultimate Truth—the prophecy of prophecies —." His head burned with a hundred images that he remembered from the books of philosophies of the Great East...

The next morning he seated himself in front of the Crystal, and meditated. Suddenly, a shadow, thin and delicate like a black hair, whipped gently the Great Eye, and disappeared. The Professor jumped up in terror. What was that? The black whip which prophesied death? It could not be! No doubt a hair floating in the room, or his tired eye. He turned the Crystal slowly around. It gathered and wound about itself many shadows, like delicate veils, but never the tiny black whip. He changed his posture, seated himself, rose, crossed his hands, uncrossed them rapidly. He asked his secretary, his assistant, several of his clients, to watch for the long thin shadow. No one saw it.

The Professor examined his palms carefully under the magnifying glass; read the horoscope; studied the mystical charts. The answers crossed and re-crossed one another.

He burst into laughter. "What a stupid thing! I am sillier than the women whom I promise great fortunes!" He remembered that he was but an ex-coachman, an ex-sailor, an ex-vaudevillist, who went into the business of prophesying for the purpose of making

money. He was successful because he dressed like a Hindoo, because he spoke vaguely of extravagant things, prompted by the very people who came to consult him, — because the people were foolish, credulous, superstitious . . . “Mere coincidences! Coincidences!” he exclaimed.

The world acclaimed Professor Rabindranath Sciarat and his discovery. Scientists and philosophers re-stated in obscure and intricate language the simple fact. Laymen talked of it with nearly as much enthusiasm as they talked of business or politics. His office regurgitated with men and women of fame.

“But it may be a mere coincidence,” the Professor insisted, almost pathetically.

“Your modesty is beautiful, Professor!” the ladies exclaimed.

“Why should a thin black shadow mean — death?”

“Trifles are the symbols of the great verities.”

“Does not the well reflect the galaxy of stars?”

“But is it not possible that —”

“You are the Prophet of the True Science.”

Invalids were brought by their anxious relatives to see whether the Crystal prophesied approaching death. People who intended to take long, hazardous trips, begged for consultation. Young couples, with a sense of bravado, asked for their fate. Professor Sciarat watched feverishly the Great Eye, but never again did he see the thin shadow, which had become known as “The Whip of Death.” The People rejoiced, and thanked him, as if he had been the dispenser of Life and Death. Their unalterable confidence unnerved him.

He went to palmists, to women who fell into trances, to men who fasted for days at a stretch. They promised him sudden fortunes, long trips, fame. He knew they lied. He wished to know whether he was doomed to die shortly or not. They could not or dared not tell him.

A pain in the chest reminded him of a former heart trouble. He visited several physicians. Some found his condition critical, others a trifle. Headaches localizing above his right eye tortured him at irregular intervals.

He became impatient with his clients, scolded them, prophesied misfortunes. Finally he refused to see them. He discharged his

assistant and secretary, and closed his office, announcing a vacation of six months.

If he could manage to live six months, he was safe. The days were interminable. He did not dare to leave the house. He feared to go to bed, or breathe too deeply. How would death come? How could he avoid it? The pain in his chest increased, his headaches became permanent.

A bust of Buddah fell, and cracked at the throat. Professor Sciarat was certain now. He would die by strangulation. He hid his collars and ties. He burned every string or rope that he found about the house. He could not swallow his food. Crumbs of bread stuck in his throat, and violent coughing followed.

He remembered the gruesome stories sailors used to tell about Buddah coming out of the stone in which he was imprisoned, to choke those who took his name in vain. He remembered the terrible vendetta of spirits molested in their rest. Had he dared too much? Were the sounds he uttered blasphemies? Were the things written in the Great Eye too holy for the uninitiated?

He locked the door, lowered all curtains, and seating himself in front of the Crystal, watched for the thin shadow. If it only re-appeared! Just once more! He would capture it! Tear it! Then he would be free again. Then he could live on — perhaps — forever. Forever — that was it — each person has but one Whip of Death — . . .

Suspicious neighbors accompanied by a policeman broke open the door, and found Professor Rabindranath Sciarat sitting at the table, his yellow head tightened between his long, cramped fingers, his eyes sunken within his skull, glaring like two tiny fragments of porcelain at the Crystal, over which shivered the thin black shadow of a spider thread, hanging from the ceiling . . .



"LES COCHONS AU PAIN D'EPICE"

ANNE MERRIMAN PECK

THE OARSMAN

BY JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

Each day I stare upon the burning sea.
It is the same for ever; smooth-backed waves
Coppery-tinged and oily, hiss and slide
Along the bulwarks. Or I sit and stare
Upon the men chained to the selfsame bench as I.
They jabber among each other in strange tongues,
Dark men and hairy with deep wolvish eyes,
And wheals of lash-thongs on their shoulders. Noon,
The trumpet blares; it is the hour we feed.

Coarse mouldy bread,
Raw vinegar for wine, and hands unchained
Ready to snatch from me the crust I gnaw;
Red eyes that look upon my whiter skin
With sudden smouldering lust; dull, calloused eyes
That seem to pierce my weakness through and through,
Like blunt and heavy swords. There is one man
Who has a rusty knife hid in his rags;
While the sentry's back was turned, he pulled it out,
And drew it across his cheek with a black smile.

Row, merely row,
Onward and on, forever! Afternoon,
The sea is like grey ashes shed in flakes
From the fire-core of the sun, burning its heart
Out on the horizon. Whither we go,
Or why, I know not. The last headland that we raised,
Was strange to me, and now, for days on days,
Nothing but sea has followed, endless sea,
Wave-tipped, unchanging. Often I have guessed
By noting the sun change its place at dawn,
Or marking the stars at night athwart my shoulder,
Our course is altered. Why, I cannot say.

I only think with furious, desperate force
If this is I, who was that other one
Who lived in the hill-uplands near the sea;
In an old house where in a shady court,
A cracked and marble fountain gushed all day
Cool greenish water? Sudden puffs of smoke,
And crackling rapid rushes of red flame,
And shadows of bronze helmets in the rout,
Loud shrieks and blood that spurted on the marble,
And lay still! Then darkness on the sun.
And when I woke (or was it I who woke?)
My hands were chained; the oarblades swept the sea.
I thought for long this ship was but a dream,
But now I know I dreamed that other life.

At last
The sun is lost. The night-breeze stirs apace.
The black sail with the red bull painted on it
Is hoisted and I hear the hiss of waves
Redouble as our creaking keel drives through them.
The trumpet blares again. My hands are freed.
Once more the mouldy bread, the sour wine,
Once more I wrap me in grey filthy rags,
Once more I shrink from the deep wolvis eyes,
Once more the jabber dies down to a moan.
So then I sleep and if I dream at all,
'Tis of the hard bench and the heavy oar;
The torpid viscous sea I'll stir tomorrow
Unchanged, aflame, till all my weary morrows
Grow yesterdays, and the last port of all,
The black port of the underworld,
Opens for me across the unknown sea.



Photograph by Carl Klein

GIRL SITTING

B. KARFIOL



Photograph by Carl Klein

BATHERS

B. KARFIOL

TAOS BOYS, SINGING

BY WILLARD JOHNSON

This bridge
Spanning the stream
That sings from the mountain
All the way across the desert,
Is ours.

We stand
On these hewn logs,
Singing the water song,
Singing the songs of hills and trees,
Softly.

And there
In the shadow,
Knowing what it all means
Better even than we know it,
Are they.

They who
Through all the spring,
Have listened to our songs;
They who through all the winter nights,
Waited.

Waited
For the summer,
And for our warming blood
To rise in us like meadow-larks,
Singing.

And now,
The hills quiet,
Except for our voices
Joining in a bridal chorus,
We go!

GOD — LITTERATEUR

BY BERNARD DE VOTO

I.

Whatever fault one may find with the conversation of a United States Senator or the treasurer of a large corporation, one does not usually criticise it on the ground that it lacks a sense of religious values or betrays ignorance of the dogmas of the true church. Modern concepts of statecraft and commerce tend to exclude theology from the discipline of their leaders. Yet there is one populous section of this country where religiosity is so bound up with trade and government that a successful banker or official must of necessity be an ecclesiastic as well.

If Senator Reed Smoot, tariff prodigy, chairman of the Senate finance committee, and tiler to the inner council of the G. O. P. should in a serious mood deliver to a Washington dinner table a message from the Angel Moroni concerning the true meaning of a disputed text in the Old Testament or an admonishment to flee the imminent retribution of the Lord, he would only be exercising a prerogative of his office. As Senator from Utah he is, almost *ex-officio*, a member of the quorum of the Twelve Apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, whose duty is to preach the everlasting gospel to "all nations, tongues, and kindred," and a member of the Higher or Melchisedek Priesthood to whom it is given "to have the privilege of receiving the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven—to have the heavens opened unto them—to commune with the general assembly of the Church of the firstborn, and to enjoy the communion and presence of God the Father and Jesus the Mediator of the New Covenant." And if Charles W. Nibley, Presiding Bishop of this Church of God should, in a prospectus of any corporation of which he is *ex-officio* treasurer, mingle the phraseology of Scripture with a summary of the corporation's assets, he could show divine authority for the mixture. As a bishop, his pedigree derives by demonstrable steps from Aaron, and the precedent is apparent in all the works of Aaron's seed.

Nor, in Utah and its environs, would either event occasion surprise. Rather, both would be regarded as normal examples of

the working of the Holy Spirit, exhibiting the piety of the individual but in no way singling him out from his fellows. For among the Mormons the function of priest has not been distinguished from that of cowherd, soda dispenser, or garbage man, and the Chautauqua ideal of religion that is work, work that is play, and play that is religion has been achieved for close to a hundred years.

II.

The contributions of God to American literature have never been adequately surveyed. Altogether the bulk of His writings during the past three centuries on this continent must be enormous. And in Utah at least, the critic who approaches this field will discover, God has long been and continues to be the favorite author. I do not mean the Bible. That, though considered to be of divine inspiration, is believed only "in so far as it is correctly translated," and is read very little, if at all. Nor do I mean the histories of Abraham, Nephi, Jarom, Mosiah, Alma, Ether, Mormon, and other worthies collected in *The Book of Mormon*, the "Gold Bible" of our grandfather's generation, the translation of which by Joseph Smith Jr. is specifically warranted correct by God. These, by reason of irrelevancy and an almost unreadable style, have become obsolete, and though occasionally mentioned at Conference are unknown to the average Mormon of today. But the direct words of God possess a universal currency among the faithful. They are the only living literature of the Latter Day Saints, and, in spite of a flood of Church propaganda and a system of Church magazines intended to reach all readers from children to patriarchs, they are the only Mormon literature likely to attract the critic.

The book which embodies the words of God has the general appearance of the Book of Common Prayer as furnished to American Episcopal churches, but is a little larger and thicker. It is called *The Doctrine and Covenants*, and the title page declares that it contains "the revelations given to Joseph Smith, Jun., the Prophet, for the building up of the Kingdom of God in the Last Days." Strictly, it contains also seven lectures on faith by the prophet, which are never read, an account of his martyrdom, and a few scattered revelations to others, including the sole message of God to Brigham Young, which are unimportant. As the favorite book of three quarters of a million Americans, as a work of American literature which has been translated into more foreign languages

than *Uncle Tom's Cabin* or *The Last of the Mohicans*, and as the most extensive anthology of the words of God ever compiled in America, as indeed a purely American theopathy — it deserves the attention of every patriotic critic.

In this book God speaks directly. There is no secondhand reporting, as in the works of Moses and the Prophets. The function of Joseph Smith is purely that of stenographer taking dictation from the Almighty. The method of dictation, we learn from other sources, differed with the occasion. Sometimes God visited Joseph in a dream, a vision, or a trance. More often, when the need for guidance in practical affairs grew pressing, Joseph retired to his office and shortly thereafter issued again with a revelation, hot from the tripod, directing a recalcitrant Saint to sell his farm or, if his presence was embarrassing, to depart to work the vineyards of the Lord several hundred miles away. On several occasions God even spoke to Joseph at the council board, when the opinion of his Apostles or Seventies was going against him, and he was able to confound them by tossing across the table an incontestable decision from the final authority. Always, however, it is God who speaks, in His own person.

The literary style of *The Doctrine and Covenants* is an advance over that of *The Book of Mormon*. The latter was the work of Solomon Spaulding or Sidney Rigdon, or of Rigdon in revision of the other, and to both God has plainly a superior terseness and economy of thought and language, if not a more literate English. The point of view adopted and the vocabulary used to express it are those of the American peasant of 1830, a creature somewhat less civilized than the Georgia cracker of today, a hard-headed zany who has his frontier superstitions by heart and is willing to voice them in imitation of a traveling revivalist. The result is almost incredibly naive. The fears, antipathies, and longings of the backwood-man become God's commandments. Yet, intermingled with addlebrained theology, one finds the business acumen which has ever since commended the book to the Saints. In His own due time God achieved a blend of commerce and religion not unprophetic of future developments on this continent and pragmatically designed to advance His church.

III.

On January 19, 1841, at Nauvoo, Illinois, God directs the es-

tablishment of a hostelry. "And now I say unto you, as pertaining to my boarding house which I have commanded you to build for the boarding of strangers, let it be built unto my name and let my name be named upon it. . . Let my servant Joseph and his seed after him have place in that house for ever and ever, saith the Lord. . . and let the name of that house be called Nauvoo house and let it be a resting place for the weary traveler, that he may contemplate the glory of Zion. . . verily I say unto you let my servant George Miller and my servant Lyman Wight form a constitution whereby they may receive stock for the building of that house. And they shall not receive less than fifty dollars for a share of stock in that house." The revelation goes on to direct various individuals, presumably those who doubted the value of the stock, to subscribe the issue, assuring them that it will pay heavy dividends both heavenly and earthly. One of them, William Law — always a hard man for Joseph to control and afterwards the chief cause of his martyrdom — is promised as a bonus the keys of the priesthood, and outward signs of heavenly favor. "He shall heal the sick; he shall cast out devils, and shall be delivered from those who would administer to him deadly poison, and what if I will that he should raise the dead, let him not withhold his voice." Wages to the builders are fixed, and after a distribution of priesthoods and proctorships, the revelation ends: "and ye should prepare rooms for all these offices in my house when you build it unto my name, saith the Lord your God. Even so — Amen."

The Nauvoo house was by no means God's first commercial venture. One feels that God is surer of himself here than at Kirtland, Ohio, ten years earlier where, at his direction, the saints had organized a bank. State regulations impiously intervened, the enterprise was declared wildcat and bankrupt, and the prophet was forced to flee, like several of his biblical prototypes, into the wilderness. He emerged in Missouri, where the faithful, to the number of several thousand followed him, and where God presently condoned the failure. "As you obtain a chance to loan money by hundreds or thousands," God says to the prophet, no doubt with an eye to the indictments, "even until you shall loan enough to deliver yourselves from bondage, it is your privilege."

In Missouri, where God turned to real estate promotion, the Saints proved a trifle sceptical. The Kirtland bank having failed, what security had they here? God thereupon rechristened Spring

Hill "Adam-On-di-Ahman," a mysterious title associated with Paradise and with great wealth, and boomed the country thereabout as the site of the Garden of Eden. Furthermore the locality was pronounced the gathering place for the judgment day, the authentic center of the end of the world and the beginning of the millennium.

Thus assured, by divine prospectuses, that real estate values would increase, the Saints plunged. God, as always, directed the investments — with, one concedes, sublime indifference to the expulsion of the faithful to Nauvoo, only a few years in the future. "It must needs be necessary that ye save all the money that you can, and that ye obtain all that ye can in righteousness, that in time ye may be enabled to purchase land for the inheritance, even the city." "And again verily I say unto you, let my servant Sidney Gilbert establish a store, that he may sell goods without fraud, that he may obtain money to buy lands for the good of the Saints." "I say unto you, that my servant Isaac Morley may not counsel wrongfully to your hurt, I give commandment that his farm should be sold." "Purchase all the lands by money which can be purchased for money in the region which I have appointed to be the land of Zion . . . all the land which can be purchased in Jackson County, and the counties round about, and leave the residue in my hand."

Waldo Frank, in a moment of rhapsody, has pronounced the Mormon Church an attempt to escape from the negation of frontier religion into dynamic joy. Considering that the frontier churches were given to protracted meetings, revivals, mourner's benches, exhortations, the jumps, agonized rollings of the convicted, and exultant leaps by the converted, it is difficult to see just wherein they lacked the emotional ecstasy which Mr. Frank believes the Mormons to have sought. If indeed they did seek it, they sought in vain. Ecstasy, the joy of the expanded soul is nowhere present in *The Doctrine and Covenants*. God neither promises nor delivers consuming emotions. He is content to promise a very literal inheritance of the earth and to furnish detailed directions for achieving it. "For in my own due time will I come upon the earth in judgment, and my people shall be redeemed and shall reign with me upon the earth" — this is the extent of the spiritual hope of the people, and wherever it appears in the words of God it is accompanied by regulations for the stocking of his granaries.

The only escape discernible in the book is an occasional attempt

to redeem the colorlessness of names. The town of Kirtland becomes, by divine ordinance, Shinehah; New York City, Cainhannoch. Joseph Smith is variously Enoch, Gazelam, and Baurak Ale; Sidney Rigdon, Pelagoram, and his tannery "the lot of Tahhanes." One can understand the satisfaction of a quid-chewing, illiterate bishop on being informed that though he be plain John Johnson on earth, his name will resound through celestial glories as Zombre, and that he will greet his friend Frederick G. Williams through all eternity with the blessed name of Shederlaomach. "And let my servants Shederlaomach and Olihah (Oliver Cowdery) have the Laneshine-house (printing office) and all things that pertain to it." The parentheses are always present in the text. But this resounding and perhaps wistful nomenclature was only a brief whim of the deity's, sometimes led to ambiguity, and endured for only a few pages.

No, the typical Saint of the eighteen-thirties and forties was an ignorant and unimaginative lout, of an active bigotry and superstition, unable to understand a world larger than his parish and incapable of peopling even the parish with more than himself and his acquaintances. The literary genius of God is best seen in that He adapts His message exactly to this type of mind, utilizing its fears and hopes and adopting its *Weltanschauung*.

"Cease to be unclean; cease to sleep longer than is needful," God says at Kirtland, immediately after discussing Michael and the Lamb of God, "retire to thy bed early, that ye may not be weary; arise early that ye may be invigorated." "Strong drinks are not for the belly, but for the washing of your bodies," God adds a few pages later, at the same time directing all beasts of the fields to abandon carnivorousness. "And on the first and second lots to the north shall my servants Reynolds Cahoon and Jared Carter receive an inheritance. These two houses are not to be built until I give you a commandment concerning them."

Always the touch is personal. God speaks to the individual saint, who will thereby have a greater confidence in the message. "Verily thus saith the Lord unto my servant William Marks and also unto my servant N. K. Whitney, let them settle up their business speedily." "Let my servant Zombre (John Johnson) have the house which he lives." "Let my servant Lyman Wight beware, for Satan desireth to sift him as chaff."

The personal message becomes poignant when one of the Saints has offended. Oliver Cowdery, the scribe to whom Smith dictated

his translation of the Book of Mormon, has been offering revelations of his own. God addresses him through Smith, "Verily, verily I say unto thee, no one shall be appointed to receive commandments and revelations in this church excepting my servant Joseph." Cowdery, thus rebuked, is further directed to reason with another false prophet: "And thou shalt take thy brother Hiram Page and tell him that those things which he has written from that stone (evidently an unholy imitation of Urim and Thummim, the stones which enabled Smith to translate all languages) are not of me, and that Satan deceiveth him."

The famous revelation on polygamy contains an exquisite reprimand of Emma Smith, the legal wife of the prophet. "And let mine handmaid Emma Smith, receive all those (wives) that have been given unto my servant Joseph. . . for I am the Lord thy God, and ye shall obey my voice. . . and I command mine handmaid to abide and cleave unto my servant Joseph. . . but if she will not abide this commandment then shall my servant Joseph do all things as he hath said, and I will bless him, and multiply him and give unto him an hundred fold of houses and lands, wives and children . . ." One gets a picture of the sorrows of a prophet of God laboring in spite of wifely jealousy and impediments to do God's will by bringing some half-dozen plural wives into the house.

But the most touching direction in the book is that given to William E. M'Lellin and Samuel H. Smith. Both, seemingly, have wavered in their faith, repented, and received forgiveness. They are now about to go forth as missionaries, spreading the true religion. They are told to be faithful and patient, to heal the sick and succor the sorrowing, to abide affliction and to remain till God summons them. The text does not make clear which one is addressed in the peroration; but, says God, dismissing them in all magnanimity: "Seek not to be cumbered. Forsake all unrighteousness, commit not adultery, a temptation with which thou hast been troubled. Thus saith the Lord your God, your Redeemer. Amen."

IV.

Such material as the foregoing does not, of course, exhaust the book. Doctrinal matters receive the same attention, and here again God shows himself thoroughly of the period. One wonders how far the imaginative and intellectual squalor of the age is responsible for the gifts with which God promises to endow the Saints. They

are to cast out devils, to heal the sick, to speak in tongues and interpret them. They are to be immune from the poison of enemies and serpents, from pestilence and plague. They are to annihilate their persecutors and to inherit the earth — the earth conceived as a fertile farm whereon man and beast alike dwell in leisure and reproduction of their kind.

They are to go, after death, to one of three glories, the terrestrial, the telestial, and the celestial, which are like the stars, the moon, and the sun in magnitude. There they are to be either ministering angels — the fate of the least fortunate, those who have not entered the covenant of eternal marriage — or patriarchal heads of families. This last is the highest reach of God's — of the Mormon — vision, a state of perpetual connubiality, where the Saint shall rule over his house and over quantities of plural wives, strong as plowhorses and fecund as rabbits, who shall surround him with illimitable offspring.

Our literary critic will no doubt find this eschatology significant. Nowhere in God's book is there a hint of reflection, of meditation, the disregard of time and circumstance once associated with godliness. Still less is there any softness or languor, any exaltation, any beauty. Most significant of all, this lack of beauty. The critic, marking it, will remember that for three quarters of a century the Mormons have lived among mountains as beautiful as any on earth and have produced millionaires in plenty but not one artist. Their churches have all the grace and distinction of the railway station at Gopher Prairie. The only sculptor born among them escaped into the possibility of achievement by apostatizing, and the works of their painters hang fitly in their meeting houses and the lobbies of their banks. Poets there have been none except the anonymous authors of hymns unspeakably bad, and the author of an epic which is read in Sunday schools with the utmost solemnity. Only one Saint has essayed fiction. His masterpiece deals with the experiences of two Mormon souls united in love on this earth and translated to the ultimate glory where for many chapters they are made perfect and talk with God.

God, in *The Doctrine and Covenants*, is too thoroughly occupied with founding hotels to deal with intelligence and beauty. Rightly so — for his audience demanded such literature. If there was leisure from that occupation, then the audience would permit a few rules for their guidance amid evil spirits or for putting other

sects in their place. God provides such reading. He gives directions for the holy life. He explains visions and dreams. He foretells calamities and the end of the world. He provides charms and incantations. He gives directions for solving the deceits of the devil and even provides a means for unmasking his messengers. (The last is simple and serviceable. If a supernatural messenger appears, hold out your hand. If he is an angel, having no flesh and being unwilling to deceive, he will not extend his in return. If he is of the devil he will hold out his hand, whereupon you can readily preceive that it is spiritual, not material.)

Above all, God insists on the superiority of the Saints. On the frontier almost the only social activity was the disputation of textual and doctrinal matters. All these God settled definitely in favor of the Saints. The Mormon doctrines of baptism, episcopacy, sacraments, creation, and last days are ratified endlessly. Always the salvation of God's people is reiterated, and unutterable dooms are predicted for the opponents of the true Church. All heretic sects — chief among them, one gathers, were the Disciples, the Methodists, and the Catholics — are assailed and vilified. Mormon supremacy is asserted till one understands the smugness of the contemporary Mormon. It is a smugness immediately apparent to one who visits Utah today, an infrangible self-righteousness, a bucolic megalomania founded on the authority of God.

Not infrequently excessive zeal leads God into contradictions. For instance, in March 1831 he condemns a church for forbidding the use of meat and for denying marriage to its priests — asserting that monogamy is a sacred institution. Three years later appears the Word of Wisdom, mentioned above, which forbids meat not only to men but even to carnivores. And in 1843 God reveals the holy sacrament of polygamy which, though long out of active practice, remains the only distinguishing characteristic of Mormonism in the public mind.

Such is God, literary artist. Such is the book which represents a culture that was almost universal on the frontier twenty years before the Civil War. And, if literature is something that comes home to men's bosoms and business, the critic will hesitate before recording his judgment. Because it has come close home to their business, the Mormons have accorded God's literature a popularity far surpassing that of the most popular novelists. God, in short, is a good business man; he is therefore a successful artist.

The critic will waive the question whether such destinies are not the common lot of American religions, when successful. He will consider merely its bearing on American literature. It is evident that the Mormons are not a singular community. They oversubscribed their quotas in the Liberty Loans. Kiwanis clubs multiply over their land. The Drama League is among them. The per capita ownership of Fords is high. They are part and parcel of the American scene — typical Americans in origin, in history, and it appears in literary judgment. One does not deny that Zane Gray and Edgar Guest have a large circulation among them. One merely notes that God's circulation is considerably greater.

Why should it not be so? Following the principles laid down in God's book they have developed prosperity from a poverty as great as their intellectual squalor, and this in face of persecution, exile, and even confiscation. God, in effect, has made good. There is wealth in plenty in Utah, and a material culture as modern as any in the nation. All this they have achieved by reading God's book and acting on it, by following God as few other artists have ever been followed. *The Doctrine and Covenants* has interpenetrated every part of their lives, business methods with their worship and metaphysics with their trade.

That is why any Saint today will stop in the act of selling you a gallon of gasoline or cutting your hair to discuss the fact that God has "body, parts, and passions," and is by actual sexual conjugation the father of mankind. That is why your bell-boy is likely to stay a moment after receiving his tip to warn you of the wrath to come or to set you right about the Sermon on the Mount. Your banker will mingle the lost tribes with his caution against overdrafts. And if the Honorable Reed Smoot has never lightened a caucus by recounting the events of Christ's visit to this continent after the Crucifixion, it is not because he lacked power or authority. For, if he is given good health, and conceivably before his present term as Senator expires, he will be the President of his church. As such, he will be officially Prophet, Seer, and Revelator, charged with the duty of receiving the oracles of the Church, of making known the private opinions of Almighty God on all subjects, and of standing as the actual deputy of God to several hundred thousand people. A spectacle likely to afford some amusement to the ribald and certain to cast one national political party in a role it has never had before in all its history.

S A T A N

BY ADRIAN RICHT

"The Prince of Darkness Is A Gentleman."

All that Gounod's Mephistopheles wanted was spats and the monocle to his eye. One thinks of him as a person with a very small head, though his legs were truly well-proportioned enough, fit to be encased in the snugest of London knee-breeches. There is nothing about him to indicate that the scourge of Satan was not a riding-whip; and his diabolism, deep-dyed and thoroughly villainous as it was, was expressed in the manner of some degenerate son of Picadilly Circus. The villain who drops a lighted match and ignites the paper snow in *East Lynne* or *Way Down East* dressed no more immaculately than he, glided no more agilely, and was never less at a loss for a respectable introduction into the best company. They were brothers of one sire and the tailor was the midwife; but, withal, Mephistopheles approximated the perfection and pure essence of his kind. There was nothing unvillainous about him, as there was nothing ungentelemanly.

And Boito's Mephistopheles was the same; a little more vital energy perhaps, but no less of the dandy. Even his maledictions would have gone well in the Back Bay district. Marlowe's, one of the earliest creations, was always careful of his manners, among earthly company, although another glimpse of his nature might be had near the end of the tragedy; but, after all, Marlowe's devil was steeped in the vulgarity of the Renaissance, and the pranks he practised belong to another day. Goethe, more recent, more of our own time, restored him to respectability, and diluted the profounder significance of evil through the second part of *Faust* in the nebulous alchemy of allegory. For all the hint of horny growth on forehead, a bogey-man in full dress is unterrifying except to children. The poet's imagination apprehends the truth of Goethe's conception overwhelmingly; but only Milton, the poet of Puritanism, conceived a devil so readily comprehensible in his inner and outer aspects that *all* might enter into and know. Milton's Satan is a soul of malignity engendered by furious thwarted pride, and

what Freudians call an "inferiority complex." And his thought is majestic as it is malign, truly on an unearthly scale. He differs from other conceptions of the character as the subjective differs from the presumptuously objective; he is no puppet or rag-tag destiny, but a mind and a will. "Paradise Lost" becomes, for him, a poem of mediocre theology and superb drama; throughout, the figure of this trim though terrible deceiver moves like a shadow on the soul of man.

For the Satan of Milton was a gentleman in the worst sense of the word. When a tradition becomes so fixed in divers literatures, and of itself, there is something peculiar in man's essential nature that makes it so. Those who sounded the depths of evil in their own hearts — and lived thereafter, by the miracle of life — these had walked and talked with Satan and knew his aspect. "The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman!" He is the most tragic figure that man's imagination has created, for in him is all the tragedy within our experience; and, like a gentleman, neither better nor worse — could worse be — he has borne it.

Satan fell from heaven because, somehow, he fell short of it. Endowed with beauty, brilliancy, and understanding, he was still foreign to that place. And Milton knew that the more he gave him, the more terrible and blameworthy would be his fall. Thus, indeed, Milton gave him everything, and to give his God more became so impossible that the figure of God in "Paradise Lost" is an uninteresting whitewash. How like the son of a noble family is Lucifer — how like that one who becomes the turning point in each family of brilliant tradition, who begins the decline; who is, indeed, the first gentleman it has bred, its first poisonous fruitage. To understand the nature of evil it is necessary to recognize that Satan was never possessed of any talent that one could dub malignant, and never lacked any grace that heredity could endow. The cause of his sin — and here it must be spoken of as his failure — was the weakness of his spirit, the low level of spiritual energy in his soul. It was this we variously call pride, insubordination, malignity, and despair. In some measure — in the measure that makes tragedy possible — mankind is his progeny. But unhappy as we may be, there is no measure to the unhappiness we would be heir to, had there been no other ancestor — ancestress, Beatrice, perhaps — also. Tragedy, and poetry too, have their debt to her.

Pride, insubordination, malignity (unscrupulousness, perhaps);

and despair; these were but the symptoms of the hidden canker in that blazing heart. O fierce father of degenerate impulse! who yearned for the spiritual beauty you were, of necessity, never to attain; who wished to be better than you might, and never thought on how the bettering lay in the present and in you. Not, not that he could not perceive; he was too richly gifted for failure to lie there; but a spirit rich enough to make perception personally significant would have been rich enough to apply it from the beginning — unquestioning, undespairing, and, in the sense that he was aware, unaware. That spirit who lived beauty instead of apprehending it knew no poverty and the despair that racked Lucifer.

Something for nothing! The motto of unscrupulousness was invented by Satan, and it was the cry of his helplessness. How many of us have harbored it in wretched breasts, unwitting, our hearts dying? A beauty seen but not participated in made him first and most miserable thief. All had been given, all; but all could not be given, and in his soul there was no response. Gold graced the ways of Heaven, and Lucifer turned first and most miserable thief. Daily, hourly, and still more recurrently, the rape and the failure and the sacrifice are repeated. The sins that drive to suicide are outside the law.

Satan came over the walls of Paradise as a mist, and made man share his fall. The gentleman, the product of a civilization infinitesimally older than Adam's three short days, descended to the soil of the peasant and traduced and forced the more primitive being. Into the idyllic growth of the soil that a new birth nurtured, he intruded; he corrupted as the gentleman always does; and he enriched as the older civilization can never fail to enrich. Before the sin neither poetry nor the feeling that prompted it was possible. The hymns of Adam have nothing in common with the trembling ecstasy of an ode of Keats, an ecstasy which is at once a delight and a fear, and, more truly than the sinless Adam could have prayed, a prayer. It is important that Adam was capable of sin; that he had to be shown it, led to it by him who knew it best, may perhaps mean that he would never have come to it unguided, may only indicate that humanity was not yet capable of breeding the complex being that Satan embodied, the state, the condition: the gentleman. But such a development could be forced; even a child can become sinful. And it is true that the first sin is, to all effects, also the last one in its consequences.

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Eve cried out the true consequences of man's betrayal. For the moment, in the exultation that Adam's sacrifice had caused, she saw clearly, and for the moment gladly, the high worth that had now been placed on love. And all the high things of Heaven were now worth more, were more precious, because they would be fleeting, and the poet's inspiration was a thing to pray for. The shadow of the Prince of Darkness had fallen forever on man's soul, and all the moments of holiness would be fearfully enjoyed and fearfully prayed for — and lost in hours of despair. The void in the Gentleman's heart would enter our breasts. Occasionally, there would be poetry and poets.

EXCURSIONS

We have not been a practical people. The test of one's practicality is, after all, the ability to control one's devices. We have not yet learned to master the very forces we have created. (I recognize this is no new discovery, but it demands reiteration.) It is vain and destructive to lament the creation of these forces; we could not deny ourselves and the universal impulse pervading this need for creation. The machine is here; we must command it. Up to this point the artist (ultimately the most practical of all men) has done one of two things: run away from the presence of the machine, denying it and thereby denying the age, or, accepting the presence, he has yielded to every manifestation of the age and been slave rather than master. (I have in last month's Excursions touched upon this in other terms.)

* * *

However, it is evident that the new artist is here, evaluating the age and endeavoring to command it. It is in this sense that the artist is prophet. But before the prophet has become king, before his word has become the law, there will be many deaths and many crucifixions. I have seen about me disintegration: the man dwelling in the past who embraces modernity — the love-kiss of the queen bee for one brief moment — and the wooer crumbling; the skeptic, not recognizing his inner doubt, salutary and seeking, acclaiming himself as one who walks in "silent rapture"; the believer in simplicity, endeavoring to simplify his fate by the removal of contributing threads, and thereby destroying the entire pattern; the poisoned mouse, nibbling tidbit futilities, to discover he has no teeth for bread... These are the deaths of those who have not developed new intelligences to meet with the new environment. For let it be known that whatever of poison there is in the love-kiss of the queen bee, modernity, it can be evaporated with the heat of passion. Modern life will not destroy its *passionate* lover.

* * *

Passion, let me disarm you, does not mean blind force. It implies an intense earnestness in probing the surcharged life within which we move. The new artist will be eager to experience the powerful beauty that he accepts. *That he accepts:* he will be

"ravenous," but he will want his food rare. And not everything that has being in the present will be food to him. There will be a conversion of materials and an elimination.

* * *

To be the artist necessitates something more than that one duplicate the surface rhythms of the environment. The quasi-artist makes contacts with life that are peripheral, or, at the most, muscular. The result is a duplication of sensations, rather than an inclusive experience, full and mighty. The quasi-artist is a manifestation of his setting, rather than a fathomer and a religious revealer.

* * *

Aestheticism is not satisfied with getting at definitions (that is the business of the lexicographer); it plumbs rhythms to reveal their inner sense. It recognizes the inadequacy of meaning (synonym), which is as insufficient a tool as logic. It believes that intellect is only a portion of intelligence and with it alone we cannot hope to attain to comprehension. Art, like life, demands a vigilance of the entire being. Intellect serves the artist in the reduction of the vast nebulae intelligence has detected.

* * *

Worse than the denial of intellect is the denial of intelligence, for this is a denial of life. Yet this is the practice of our "rationalist" critics, the pumpnickel-eaters, and the so-called "romanticists," whose "romanticism" is not the "higher romanticism" which includes in its scheme the mysterious as well as the patent, but a negative response to the externalities of life, and therefore as meagre as "realism," the duplication of these externalities.

* * *

Jazz is a more violent form of the duplication of externalities. Strictly, to repeat, it is a duplication resulting from peripheral, or muscular contacts; every tic, every shrug, every surface quiver, is followed. Jazz is the composition of entirely physical attitudes, and, while it may suggest some few devices that art can use, it is hardly an art in itself. Wisely, therefore, have the meaningful poets of America recognized that they must exploit not attitudes but experiences. There are a few poets, elusively ingenious, who have manipulated Jazz equivalents with a velocity and a vivacity that have swept even judicious spectators into a devotion that mistakes dexterity for perspicacity. But, thanks to Apollo, these jongleurs "leech easily" and their blood is pale.

THE RAMBLER

BOOK REVIEWS

THE HINDU DRAMA

THE SANSKRIT DRAMA IN ITS ORIGIN, DEVELOPMENT, THEORY & PRACTICE. By *A. Berriedale Keith*. *Regius Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology at the University of Edinburgh.* New York: Oxford University Press, \$7.50.

The Neighborhood Playhouse in New York, by its recent production of *The Little Clay Cart*, has roused among our literary circles an unwonted interest in the Hindu drama. Of that production it may be said that it did with exquisite skill what it set out to do; and that what it set out to do was worth doing. It was not a Hindu drama. But how could it be? The Hindu drama is thoroughly conventional and symbolic in almost every detail of form and execution. Every slightest gesture, for example, has a standard meaning, which in many cases is far from obvious to us. Beauty (or often, alas! its counterfeit, mere preciousness) of language is invariably one of the chief aims of the dramatist, as it was in classical times one of the chief demands of the limited and highly cultivated audience. (The drama was never "popular.") *The Little Clay Cart* is the most "dramatic" of all Hindu dramas; it relies less on purely formal charm, and more on action, than any other known to us. Yet the Neighborhood Playhouse felt it necessary to speed up its tempo considerably. In particular it omitted most of the lyric stanzas; and very properly, for, aside from the normal difficulties of doing justice to lyrics in translation, many of these stanzas would be almost unintelligible to one not steeped in Hindu culture. And yet without them, and with the equally necessary and very subtle adaptation of the technique in certain other ways, it is legitimate to ask what was left? The answer is: a symbol of a symbol. But that this was not a negligible result is shown by the reactions of such a reviewer as Joseph Wood Krutch to the performance. Clearly he got something out of it. Not what the ancient Hindus got, indeed; but something more or less suggestive of that.

If any patrons of the Neighborhood Playhouse are moved to

seek a closer acquaintance with the Hindu drama, in the hope of learning what it is in very truth, they can find no better source of general orientation in any European language than Professor Keith's new book. The author is probably the most versatile and competent Sanskritist in Great Britain. Every phase of the large subject is treated, in general adequately; though the "Characteristics and Achievement of the Sanskrit Drama," as a whole, might have been given more than a chapter of thirteen pages. This contrasts with the length of the introductory part (77 pages) on the Origin of the Sanskrit Drama — a subject which may be described as almost purely speculative. There are many guesses, plausible or otherwise; there are hardly any known facts. Here Professor Keith rides his own hobby aggressively against rival scholars; these pages bristle with epithets like "wholly impossible" and "a perversion of all probability," applied to theories for which in the reviewer's opinion there is often not much less — even if not much more — to be said than for Keith's own constructions. Non-specialists might, to be sure, skip this part. Unfortunately the following part, forming the bulk of the book and dealing in detail with the principal dramatists of India, will, I fear, not be easy reading for most of them, despite the general lucidity of the style. They will have to forgive a good deal of Sanskrit, the meaning of which is not always made clear by the author. This section will be gratefully welcomed by scholars as a valuable compendium of the important facts about the Hindu drama. The "general reader" may find himself a little bewildered and disappointed. In the author's defense be it said that any really penetrating study of the Hindu drama would almost necessarily be open to the same charge. Many of the technical terms stubbornly resist translation. The difficulties are inherent and probably insurmountable; the subject cannot, with due regard for truth, be made easy or simple for westerners.

The third part, on Dramatic Theory, gives a competent and intelligible summary of the intricate technicalities of the books on dramaturgy, which exercised over the actual practice of dramatists a tyrannical sway the like of which has probably never been seen elsewhere; hence the special interest of this subject. It is a defect in arrangement that this part, which includes definitions of the recognized types of drama, comes after, and not before, the descriptive section, in which these very names, as yet undefined, are constantly used. The book continues with a brief but sufficient chapter

on the practice of the Indian theater, and concludes with full indexes, English and Sanskrit.

One of the few points on which the reviewer would differ with Keith concerns the faint traces of tragedy, in a few early dramas. It is, to our minds, one of the most curious of the conventions of Hindu dramaturgy that tragedy is absolutely forbidden. Every play must "end happily." "Sentiments" or "flavors" of tragic aspect, such as the pathetic or the terrible, even if they are transient or subordinate, are not allowed in the last act. Everybody must go home feeling happy! Moreover the text books forbid the representation of death on the stage. In general these prescriptions are rigidly observed. But in early times, presumably before the canonization of these rules, it appears that greater laxity was allowed. A group of plays discovered in 1910 and first published in 1912 seems certainly to belong to the pre-classical period, whether or not they are really the work of the celebrated early dramatist Bhasa, as Professor Keith and many others believe. One of these plays, *The Breaking of the Thighs (of Duryodhana)*, deals with a story found in the Mahabharata: it presents on the stage the slow and painful death of Duryodhana, chief of the Kurn party and principal "villain" of the epic cycle. Not only that: there is an obvious and effective appeal to the sympathy of the audience in the final scene, in which Duryodhana's little son, climbing on his dying father's lap, tries to embrace him; but the unhappy man is obliged to repulse his own child in his hour of death, because of the unbearable pain caused to his broken thighs. Keith insists that this is no tragedy to a Hindu, because, forsooth, Duryodhana, as a wicked man and an enemy of the gods, cannot be a "hero" (tho he is undeniably the principal character); and because the portrayal of his death in torment caused, and was intended to cause, pleasure to the audience! As to the first point: who but Satan is the "hero" of *Paradise Lost*? And yet no one has suspected the Christian orthodoxy of John Milton. As to the second, I can only say that to me it seems monstrous to suggest that any audience, anywhere, could ever have been expected to gloat in ghoulish satisfaction over such a scene as this. That the "hero" was regarded as deserving death, and perhaps even torture, may be granted; the same is true of Macbeth and Richard III. But I see no reasonable ground for denying that in the one case, as in the others, we have genuine tragedy.

The absence of tragedy in classical drama is therefore not due,

as Keith would have it, to any trait in the religion or philosophy of the Hindus, which makes them inherently incapable of constructing real tragedies. In early times they could and did construct them. But in this as in other respects they slavishly bowed to the pedantic rules which soon came to be considered authoritative. These rules forbade tragedy; in so doing they doubtless only gave binding force to what had been from the start a general tendency. And so with the classical rule that the "hero" must be a model of virtue. It did not yet restrain the early author I have cited; he could build a play about a central character who rebelled against morality as much as Lucifer or Richard III. Whether he called him, technically, a "hero" (*nayaka*), is of no importance.

Like any code of rules, those of the Hindu dramaturgists no doubt had a certain value. They established a norm, which had some merits; they held the weaker brethren up to that norm. But they also held the geniuses down to it, since, unluckily, the geniuses seem not to have been great enough to dare to transcend it, once it was established. Nowhere does the Hindu respect for tradition and authority show itself more clearly than in this. They carry the general human instinct of conservatism to its *reductio ad absurdum*. For this reason their drama, interesting as it is and in some respects great, remains fundamentally artificial and of limited appeal. They could have done better; but they dared not break their own rules. Let us be glad that we have a few samples of their work done before they donned these shackles, and above all that in other departments of literature they did not fetter themselves so securely!

FRANKLIN EDGERTON

A NOTE ON MODERN FRENCH PHILOSOPHY

MODERN FRENCH PHILOSOPHY, *By J. Alexander Gunn,*
New York: Dodd Mead & Co.

M. Henri Bergson has written a short and friendly introduction to this book of Dr. Gunn, a book which aspires to present to the English-speaking world the history of the development and the essential basic ideas of French thought from Comte to our present day; a history which covers a period of fifty years. But with all his benevolence and ingratiating style M. Bergson could not very well refrain from showing the fundamental deficiency of this book. Dr. Gunn uses the wrong method. He has applied to the study of the French philosophy the Hegelian method of "intrinsic evolution." Instead of presenting and discussing individual philosophers and their work, he tries to show the evolution of "ideas." And he ties the French thinkers to five fundamental principles: Science, Liberty, Progress, Ethics and Religion. Under these five headings he discusses the work of all the French thinkers, from Saint-Simon and Comte to Bergson and Boutroux, Leroy and Blondel.

Now Mr. Bergson remarks that this method presents an inconvenience, because it cuts in parts (*en fragments*) the doctrine of an author and takes away from him his vitality and personality. It runs also the risk of overemphasizing the likeness of certain solutions of problems, which, put in their proper place, appear more individual, stronger and more original.

Of course, Mr. Bergson finds an excuse for this method of investigation. He thinks "it was inevitable and has the advantage of order, continuity and clearness." Well, I for my part cannot accept the excuse and am unable to see the advantage of this method. There is no doubt this way of investigation has certain qualities. In the hands of a great thinker a history of Ideas becomes in itself a system of Ideas, a history of Philosophy — Philosophy itself. Such is the history of Philosophy of Hegel, or—in modern times—by Bergmann, Eucken, Windelband or Royce. But Dr. Gunn lacks absolutely the essential qualities of an original thinker. He seems simply to miss the main point of philosophy; he does not grasp the problems in all their complexity.

The most difficult task for a historian of philosophy is to summarize the "main currents," and the fundamental questions. It depends on the viewpoint. What for the one is essential, is for the other merely a bythought and an accidental. What the one considers a premise is for the other only a corollary. The chief task is to be clear about the terms. The school-philosophy usually treats philosophy under the old traditional headings: Cognition and Perception, Category, One and Many, Matter and Idea, etc. Dr. Gunn chose another terminology. His chapters are: Science, Progress, Freedom, Ethics and Religion. It is, of course, only a question of names, but the name is a connotation of an Idea. The choice of one name or another demonstrates the tendency and the orientation. Take for instance, the chapter "Science." You expect in a history or a critical exposition of philosophy the answer to the question what is science, how it is formed, where are its motives and limits. And studied under a limited national angle, we should expect a study of the methods of French science. Although "science has no fatherland," as Pasteur said, there is, nevertheless, a great variety in the scientific method of the different nations. It is not a question of results but of the process of thinking. Scientists, for instance, like Cl. Bernard or Berth or H. Poincare are as typically French as Maxwell or Thompson are unmistakably English, and Helmholtz or Mach through and through German.

Instead of going to these depths, Dr. Gunn simply relates the various opinions of Renouvier or Ravaisson, of Renan, who had after all nothing to do with philosophy nor with science — Renan, the great dilettante, — of Bergson and Boutroux. He does not seem to realize that all these opinions about science have no relation whatsoever to the problems of science. Boutroux, for instance, was the least of all the French thinkers who were really entitled to be considered as authoritative critics of science.

A recent French philosophic writer, Marcel Boll, shows with great acumen and thorough knowledge (in his book "Attardes et Precurseurs") that Boutroux did not even understand the fundamental problems of science. And whoever has read with attention Boutroux's works about the law of nature and contingency — will concede that he belonged to that class of philosophers to which Plato's words may be applied: "Ungeometrical are not *admitted*."

Dr. Gunn does not try to analyse critically the authors he treats. He simply takes over current opinions about them.

Maine de Biran, the very little known French philosopher of the early half of the last century, this remarkable philosopher, who combined a metaphysical or rather psychologic mind with his prefecture under the restoration — is for Dr. Gunn a “dominating figure in French philosophy, only because Bergson and the Bergsonians rediscovered him.” He calls Renouvier the “French Kant” without feeling the incognity of this *all too* literary sobriquet. Renouvier is a rationalist, whereas Kant was an anti-rationalist; he is rather anti-Kantian.

It would lead me too far to enter into a detailed analysis of every chapter and the doctrines expressed therein. But it would mean a rewriting on new lines the history of the French philosophy. The cardinal point is rather this: what is French philosophy as distinguished from German or English? Dr. Gunn attempts in the last concluding chapter, to give a general idea, a formula for this French philosophy. He says: the French mind is lucid, scientific, based upon facts whereas the German is always tinged with theology. This is a rather bold and hardly true assertion. Why are the French philosophers more scientific? Descartes — Well, and Leibnitz or Kant? Or is Cousin or Caro or even Comte more scientific than Hegel or Schelling, or Poincare more than Mach?

Dr. Gunn seems to be little conversant with the German philosophy, otherwise he would not have risked this statement.

Voltaire has said: “Mon verre est petit, mais je bois de mon verre” — My glass is small, but I drink from my glass.

A. CORALNIK

INTRODUCING MR. MAGNUS

HOW TO WRITE SALEABLE FICTION, by *George G. Magnus*,
London: *The Cambridge Literary Agency*.

Some time ago Ezra Pound wrote me, threatening to send me "the worst bit of British merdalotry" he had ever come across. With this provision, however: that I must promise to write of it in sufficiently vitriolic a vein. Quite naturally curious, I did what one of course should never do; I gave my promise. And now the book has arrived and I have read it from cover to cover and I am utterly at a loss how to keep that word so vainly given.

For I cannot see any cause for vitriol. Indeed, after reading *How To Write Saleable Fiction* — for this is the crime, no less — I am beginning to think that Mr. George G. Magnus — for this is the offender — has given us the most delectable bit of English humor that has reached this country for many and many a year.

Mr. Magnus is a literary agent with offices in London. That he knows very well how to write saleable fiction there can be no doubt; his little book is already in its fourteenth edition. It seems to me, therefore, that we can afford to listen with reasonable confidence to what Mr. Magnus has to say.

"The literary agent, with several years of practical experience, can speak with authority as to the kind of short story that is easiest to sell. They are up-to-date tales dealing with original incidents in the ball room; naval love stories; sea stories of very strong dramatic interest; love stories in connection with the latest invention of the day; horse-racing, foot-racing, airship-racing, aeroplane-racing stories with a love interest; the really humorous story; dramatic mining stories; those introducing a thrilling situation around a kiss, a snake, or a stick of dynamite; stories of gambling, of business struggles against big odds, of mystery, of the ring, and of all kinds of sport; humorous love stories; two-thousand-word Society love stories; queer stories; modern stories of wild adventure in fictitious foreign states.

"Unless a story is very strong and dramatic, a love interest is essential.

"It is most difficult to sell dismal stories or those that end unhappily; so why write them?

"There is practically no demand for monologues, character studies, legends, phantasies, and idylls, or for allegorical, diabolical, symbolical, illegitimate historical, successful crime, dialect, and fairy stories. The same applies to those written in the present tense."

Nor, for that matter, is there any market for blank verse. All poems "should contain an idea, and not *exceed* 4 verses—the shorter the better. Sonnets of 14 lines are saleable, but light comedy is most in demand. Poems on Spring irritate editors more than any other type of verse." Free verse and sonnets of more than 14 lines are, of course, unmentionable.

In regard to style and the essential nature of form Mr. Magnus is laconic. "Authors desiring a circulation should never sacrifice substance for style," he passes judgment with a brevity that is indeed the soul of wit. Concluding with the admonition not to describe disease or death-bed scenes, as "doctors and undertakers constitute a negligible proportion of the novel-reading public."

Mr. Magnus is no less explicit on the subject of artistic economy. "There is a brisk demand for 2000-word stories, but it is scarcely worth while wasting a plot on one under this length." While on the subject of religion he is positively Machiavellian. "Write a sentimental, highly moral story in which true religion enters into the daily life, unlabeled, and there is a big market for it," he advises, warning the novice against too rigid a statement of creed, lest unfortunately for him his hero prove a Methodist and his editor an Episcopalian.

It must be kept in mind, also that we live in an age of specialization and "in the writer's profession — as in any other — it is necessary to specialize . . .

"In due course one will become recognized as the exponent of a particular type of humor, of romance, of mystery tales; or as the authority on prize-fighting, mining, military, naval, racing, aeroplaning, or engineering stories; and an editor will write to the specialist whenever he wants such a story for his magazine."

Remains only to speak of the matter of titles for is it not bad business to give away the plot in the title?

"Endeavor always to have a double meaning in your title, such as calling a story dealing with a Band of Hope and a love affair, ending in an engagement ring — Our Band of Hope.

"Attractive and interesting are titles containing the words:

Kiss, Fan, Waltz, Wooed, such as *The Poisoned Kiss*, *Captured by a Fan*, *The Seventh Waltz*, *She Wooed — He Waited*."

But no longer can our novice contain himself. "I won't write down," he exclaims. Alas! Mr. Magnus has the last word. "An admirable attitude in an author — with a private income."

Exit Mr. Magnus, pocketing the day. Perhaps popular education was his godfather. Certainly victory must be his until that problematical future when the facility to write and the ability to create will no longer be considered synonomous. In the meantime, in our very mean time, not all our vitriol can deduce one whit from his glory. For us there can be only the release of laughter. The logic of Mr. Magnus is irrefutable. Only in the radiant dialectic of art can the abomination of it, which is but the voice of our world's abomination, be utterly destroyed.

EDWIN SEAVER

HARDY AND SCHOPENHAUER

THOMAS HARDY'S UNIVERSE. *By Ernest Brennecke, Jr. Boston: Small Maynard and Co. 1924.*

The intellectual affinity between Schopenhauer and Thomas Hardy has been recognized by nearly all critics of Hardy, and it has been acknowledged freely by the poet-novelist himself. Some critics have denied that the author of the Wessex Novels and of *The Dynasts* is directly indebted to the German philosopher; and in a letter that has been often cited, Mr. Edmund Gosse pointed out to Mr. Hedgcock the fact that the main outlines of Hardy's philosophy were already indicated in the books which he published earlier than 1874 and that consequently it was impossible that Schopenhauer could have exercised any influence upon him during the early formative years. It is true that these broad outlines were drawn in independence of Schopenhauer; but it is none the less true that when, later, Hardy came to be acquainted with the writings of the author of "The World as Will and Idea" he found therein a view of the world expressed which was in sympathy with his own and far more rigidly and systematically expressed than in his own early books. From that time on Hardy shapes his system (though he himself has deprecated the use of the word "system" in connection with his purely tentative metaphysic) in ever stricter accord

with the philosophy of Schopenhauer; and Mr. Brennecke is quite correct in making the assertion that the "Overworld" scenes in *The Dynasts* (in which Hardy's metaphysic attains its most elaborate expression) could not possibly have been composed if Schopenhauer had not previously written "The Welt als Wille und Vorstellung."

Hardy's debt to the German writer has been studied more or less fully by several critics, notably Mr. Hedgcock and Miss Garwood; but Mr. Brennecke's study is far fuller and more informative than any previous treatment of the theme. After a careful and illuminating survey of the main aspects of Schopenhauer's doctrines, Mr. Brennecke offers "a metaphysical biography of Thomas Hardy," in which he traces very clearly yet very subtly the development of his ideas. In a series of chapters he then shows how Hardy's later novels and *The Dynasts* and the shorter poems comment upon and illustrate these various points of doctrine: the immanent, autonomous, unconscious, aimless and indestructible Will; the absolute determinism of the system in which humanity finds itself; and the nature of "the ultimate hope" which the poet clings to so forlornly. The analysis of these and other points is carried out most satisfactorily; and one misses only some allusion to the philosophy of Von Hartmann who also influenced Hardy (notably in *Jude the Obscure*), though in less degree than Schopenhauer.

Mr. Brennecke's "study of a poet's mind" can be commended as thoughtful, thought-provoking, well ordered, and highly informative.

SAMUEL C. CHEW

THE NEW FACE OF CULTURE

THE NEW THEORIES OF MATTER AND THE ATOM, by Alfred Berthoud, Translated from the French by Eden and Cedar Paul, New York: The Macmillan Company.

Prefacing this excellent work on the new physics and chemistry, M. Berthoud remarks: "I have not attempted to popularize unduly or, with such an end in view, to slur over all the difficulties. But although this book cannot be read without close attention, my aim has been to render the ideas of which it treats intelligible to

the cultured general reader." Having examined the sequent volume, I re-read the author's prefatory avowal with eyebrows dubiously lifted. I fear that M. Berthoud's "cultured general reader" is of a type none too common, at least in my acquaintance. In short, it seems to me that *The New Theories of Matter and the Atom* will profit the customary cultured reader very slightly, being a work that is presently comprehensible solely to the well-grounded chemist and physicist.

Certainly, however, this book deserves the wider audience for which it was written. It treats of the necromantic discoveries and fresh hypotheses that have grown out of radium investigations. Nor does it deal with these engrossing matters in the manner of the Sunday Supplement. M. Berthoud's work is scholarly and sound; the preliminary resume is developed with much clear-seeing patience. Perhaps, as he wrote, M. Berthoud himself was visited now and then with a disquieting doubt, the fear that his cultured general reader was not quite prepared for all he had to say. Thus, in the long chapter on Einstein and the theory of relativity, I find him after much careful statement of the fundamentals throwing up his hands in an almost temperamental gesture of despair. He presents the earlier, restricted statement of Einstein's magnificent doctrine, but despairs of illuminating, for the sake of his cultured reader, its later, larger outlines. "The general theory of relativity", he declares, "is the most universal synthesis yet realized. It leads us to a harmonious and entirely novel conception of the universe." And then, at once, follows M. Berthoud's terrible doubt — the sudden declension of his naive faith in the cultured general reader. "We cannot," he says, "attempt to give an idea or this theory."

Here, I believe, one confronts a formidable and piteous truth. The older semblance of culture is out-moded. Currently "the intellectuals" stagnate in an eddy while the stream of significant modern knowledge flows beyond them to remote reaches. The more ancient culture, founded upon a restricted acquaintance with Greek and Latin writings, has been, as everyone admits, a long while moribund. The newer culture, it seems to me, has not yet emerged. M. Berthoud's cultured general reader is, at this date, an ineffectual smatterer. To him, unhappily, cannot be made understandable a theory that "leads us to a harmonious and entirely novel conception of the universe."

L. M. Hussey.

REVIEWS IN BRIEF

"THE INNOCENTS," by *Henry Kittell Webster*, Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co., \$2.00. — In "The Innocents," Mr. Webster has recorded with clarity the pitiful tale of a youngster's inarticulate struggle against the frightening sterility of small-town life. Despite the knowledge that Edward Patterson's story is undramatic and commonplace — Mr. Webster has used the threadbare theme of dreaming son and misunderstanding father — the awareness of vivid and tragic drama is present. Trite and fictional and un-thrilling the plot is, yet through the pages that suck us into the stupid monotone of Edward's days, we sense his desperate longing to translate the beauty and ecstasy he feels and to fight free from the paralyzing stagnation of inaction. His improvised workshop in the crude and dilapidated barn holds the glamour of a colorful and treasured refuge against the inevitable bleakness of tomorrow.

FRANCIS WILSON'S LIFE OF HIMSELF, Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co., \$5.00. — A comedian's life is a dull affair; and more than a comedian should write it. On stage Francis Wilson is nimble and quick, off stage he finds it hard to act the author: the nimbleness sullens and there is no quickening of perception. He dallies with trivialities, the prerogative of the comedian acting, but not of the author-writing. Edwin Booth is never resurrected from the dead by the anecdotes recalled by Wilson; rather, more earth is heaped o'er his dust. And therein is the failure of this autobiography: it is not a resurrection and a revealing.

THE STORY OF EARLY CHEMISTRY, by *John Maxson Stillman*, New York: D. Appleton and Co., \$4.00. — The late professor emeritus of chemistry at Stanford University records not meagerly, yet never too intensively, the development of the science from the earliest known beginnings to the end of the eighteenth century. For the reader whose knowledge of chemistry is not great or profound, there will be abundant new knowledge, and more than this, the colors of man's groping to learn what is given him. For the professional chemist there will be a comprehension of growth and an amplification of the significances of his science. For him, too, there will be the sense of a various and colorful procession of seekers and discoveries.

THREE FLIGHTS UP, by *Sidney Howard*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, — Of the four tales which Mr. Howard has assembled under the cryptic title "Three Flights Up," "Mrs. Vietch: a Segment of Biography" deserves the lion's share of critical commendation. In it Main Street makes the last lap of its transatlantic trek and pitches its tent on a suburban hillside overlooking 'Frisco Bay. The detailed description of the magnificent Paradise Drug Store shows the influence of the Sinclair Lewis school, but it is the inside of Mrs. Vietch and not the Drug Emporium which impresses us with Mr. Howard's skill. He is concerned with the dignity of the human heart. Of the three inferior stories, "A Likeness of Elizabeth" is a well worked yarn of a forged Holbein, "Transatlantic," the poorest of the lot, a muddled close-up of shipboard life, centering around an exceptionally silly woman, and "The God They Left Behind" an unnatural story of the supernatural in the style of Henry James.

MESTROVIC, ZULOAGA, KARFIOL

This is the season of Mestrovic and Zuloaga.

A big retrospective exhibition by Mestrovic, consisting of almost two hundred pieces of sculpture, some enormous in size, has been installed in Brooklyn Museum, New York. Mestrovic has been heralded as the greatest sculptor of the age, the twentieth century Michael Angelo. His progress and phenomenal success in Europe have been followed with intense interest in America, especially by the art students, who are always eager to acclaim new idols.

If size and quality be greatness, then Mestrovic is easily the greatest sculptor of our time. Fortunately it is not so. He is unquestionably a very able sculptor, a fine technician, not lacking in ideas and fairly bubbling over with energy and enthusiasm. "He is," as McBride aptly puts it, "Michael Angelesque but not a Michael Angelo." His work is permeated with a barbaric splendor, exotic and bizarre, tortured physically, not spiritually, as are the brooding creations of Michael Angelo, whom he emulates. Bombastic and shallow at times, he makes a strong, almost staggering, impression, not only upon the layman, but also upon the artist and student. It is absurd to expect depth and profundity of a man who is so terribly pressed for time as Mestrovic. At the age of forty two he has more finished work to his credit than Michael Angelo had at eighty. His works are not realizations of conceptions that have been carried through and fermented in his brain, till they have taken definite shape and form, but are hurried, unrealized and mannered, too often dependent on accident.

Mestrovic won his fame as a great national artist, as one who has expressed the very spirit of his devastated country, the woes and sufferings of its people, as one who has in marble and stone recreated the former glory and ancient lays of Serbia. This is not entirely true: Mestrovic is national only in theme; he is absolutely European in training and manner. His gigantic Slav heroes and bards are as much Slav as pictures of old men with sad eyes and flowing beards are Jewish.

Nor is it true, as has been claimed by his admirers, that Mestrovic is a revolutionary in Art, an Iconoclast. There are no revolutions in Art. All great, so-called new movements are merely revivals. Cezanne, Matisse and Picasso are not founders but revivalists.

In the hall adjoining the Mestrovic exhibition are displayed several casts from the work of Michael Angelo. One cannot help but compare the Moses of Michael Angelo with that of Mestrovic. The first, majestic, though dynamic, a Superman, is the most intellectual conception of the Biblical Moses; the other, reduced to a single hysterical gesture, appears almost silly in comparison. Compare further the sorrowful, brooding Madonna of Michael Angelo, hauntingly beautiful with the tortured, grimacing Madonnas of Mestrovic. But "why drag in Michael Angelo?"

Of the same mould as, only worse than, the work of Mestrovic are the huge canvasses of Zuloaga, whose exhibition at the Reinhardt Galleries attracts even greater open-mouthed, admiring throngs. The work of Zuloaga is vulgar, specious and prolix. It possesses neither textural beauty nor an understanding of form. His people are puppets, lifeless, wooden glittering, his nude women with painted lips and avid cat-like eyes meant to be sensual, are strangely unprovocative, his landscapes are sick and nauseating. The very admiration of the gaping crowd is a wonderful testimonial to his mediocrity. People, to use slang, like "to be hit in the eye." Zuloaga does it. More — he "knocks them silly."

At the same time in another Gallery of this Mestrovic-Zuolagamad New York, unheralded and unadvertised, the work of a true and genuine artist is being exhibited. I refer to the Karfiol exhibition at the Brummer Galleries. Karfiol's work possesses precisely those qualities that the work of Mestrovic lacks. It has that aloofness and calmness that one associates with great art that has withstood the test of time. It is not bombastic or hysterical or operatic. It evinces a fine feeling for textural beauty and a deep understanding and appreciation of form.

Karfiol was born and bred in New York, yet New York with its skyscrapers and steel factories, its great procession of humanity, plays no part in his work. He is a Greek, an eclectic and solitary figure among his contemporaries. His slender bathers calm and serene as Egyptian Maidens, painted in a big simple flowing way like everything that is great and lasting in Art, have nothing in common with the modern flappers.

Aloof and serene, his work seems strange and almost out of place among the unrealized work of his contemporaries. It makes an impression that it was created in an entirely different period, a period of perfect self realization.

MOSES SOYER